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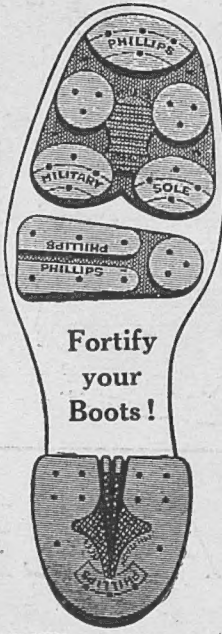
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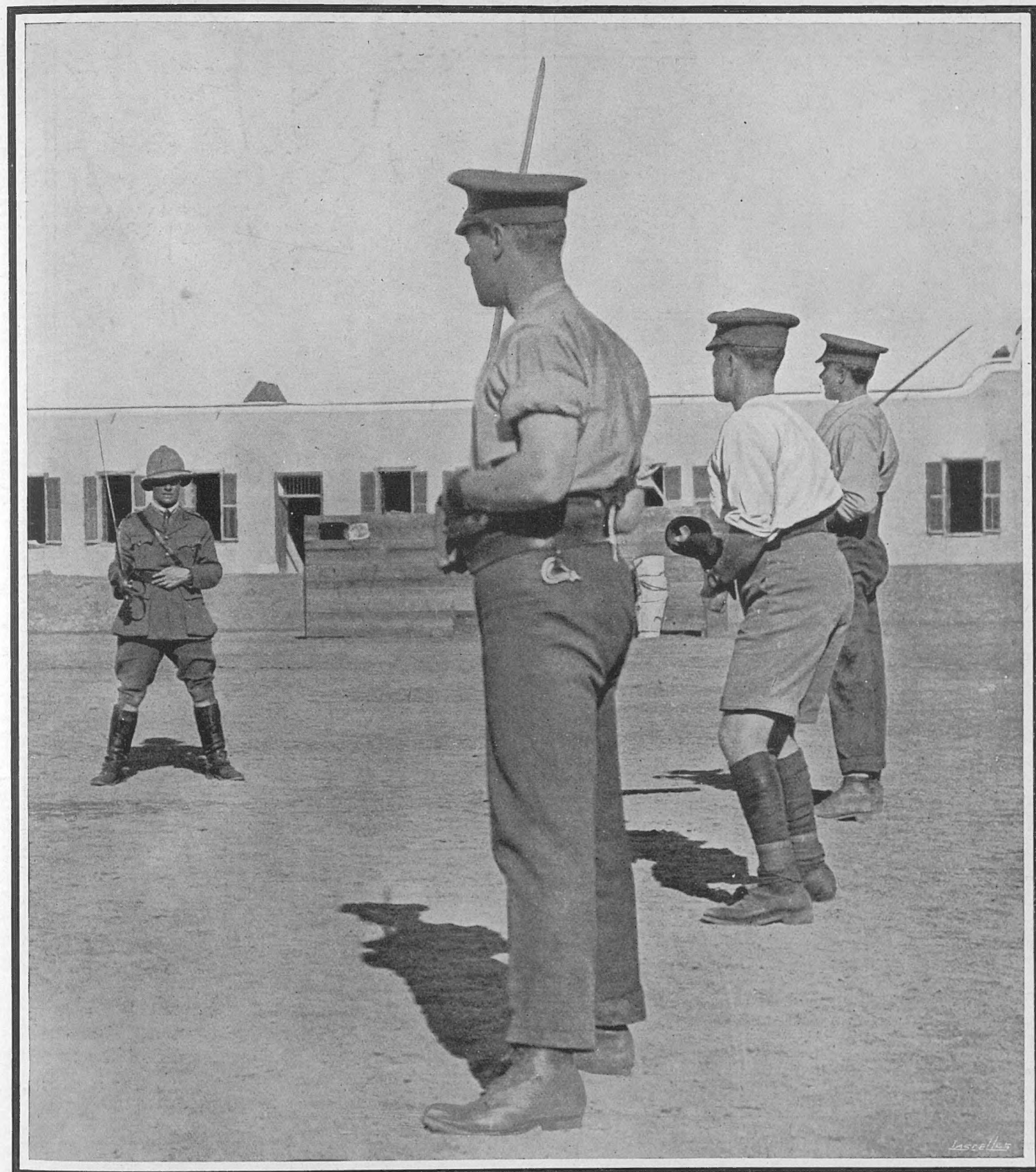
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The Sketch

No. 1205—Vol. XCIII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



A FAMOUS COMEDIAN WHO LEFT THE STAGE FOR THE "THEATRE" OF WAR: LIEUTENANT HUNTLEY WRIGHT INSTRUCTING A CLASS IN CAMP NEAR CAIRO.

Lieutenant Huntley Wright set a fine example to younger men by joining the Army although he was just forty-five when war was declared, and a married man to boot. The profession altogether has shown great patriotism, and already over thirty of its members have fallen on the field of honour. It is to be hoped that Mr. Huntley Wright will return hearty and whole to resume his stage triumphs. His first appearance was made, "as an infant in arms, in his father's company"; his first regular

appearance at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, in 1887, and he has since been a factor in the success of many a musical comedy, including (to mention but a few) "An Artist's Model," "The Geisha," "Les Merveilleuses," "The Dairymaids," "The Girl in the Train," "The Count of Luxembourg," and "Autumn Manoeuvres." He was last seen in London (according to the new edition of "Who's Who in the Theatre") as Bill in "Simple 'Earted Bill," at the Coliseum in December 1913.—[Photograph by Topical.]

WORKERS FOR WOUNDED: FOUR WELL-KNOWN LADIES.



RUNNING AN ANGLO-AMERICAN HOSPITAL IN FRANCE:
LADY HADFIELD.



NURSING THE WOUNDED IN LONDON:
MISS CAMILLA ADAIR.



A BRAVE WORKER WITH THE MONTENEGRIN ARMY:
MRS. EDWARD ROWORTH.



MAKING MUNITIONS AND NURSING THE WOUNDED:
MRS. HENRY STURGES.

Lady Hadfield, who has been running an Anglo-American hospital in France very successfully, is the wife of that clever scientist, the inventor of manganese steel, Sir Robert Abbott Hadfield, F.R.S., who was awarded the Bessemer gold medal, 1904, and the Elliott Cresson gold medal, Philadelphia, 1910. Lady Hadfield is the daughter of Colonel Samuel M. Wickersham, of Philadelphia, U.S.A.—Miss Camilla Adair is the daughter of Sir Robert Shafto Adair, fifth baronet, and Lady Adair. She is working for the wounded in the Endsleigh Palace Hospital.—Mrs. Edward Roworth, who has just returned from Montenegro after being six months with the Montenegrin

Army, is shortly returning to South Africa, where she will lecture. Mrs. Roworth was admitted to the Chancellerie of the Order of Danilo, and received her decoration from King Nicholas. She also received the Montenegrin Red Cross decoration. Mrs. Roworth is the wife of the famous painter of the South African Convention.—Mrs. Henry Sturges is the daughter of George Meredith, the famous author, and is a war-worker in a dual capacity. For half the week she assists in one of our munition factories, and the other half she devotes to nursing wounded in a London hospital.

Photographs by Sarony, Val l'Estrange, Poole (Waterford), and Vandyk.

"MAVOURNEEN" IN SOCIETY: MRS. IAN BULLOUGH.



AS BEAUTIFUL OFF THE STAGE AS SHE WAS ON: MRS. IAN BULLOUGH (MISS LILY ELSIE).

Miss Lily Elsie, who recently reappeared on the stage, for charity, in "Mavourneen," at His Majesty's, until she, unfortunately, caught a severe chill and was forced to relinquish her part, is in private life, as everyone knows, Mrs. Ian Bullough. She was married in 1911. Her husband, who is a son of the late Mr. John Bullough, of

Meggernie Castle, Perthshire, and Accrington, Lancashire, was formerly a Major in the Scottish Horse Yeomanry, and since 1914 has been a Lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards. Mrs. Ian Bullough is as popular and charming in Society as she was on the stage, and that is saying much.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS. TO LONELY SOLDIERS.

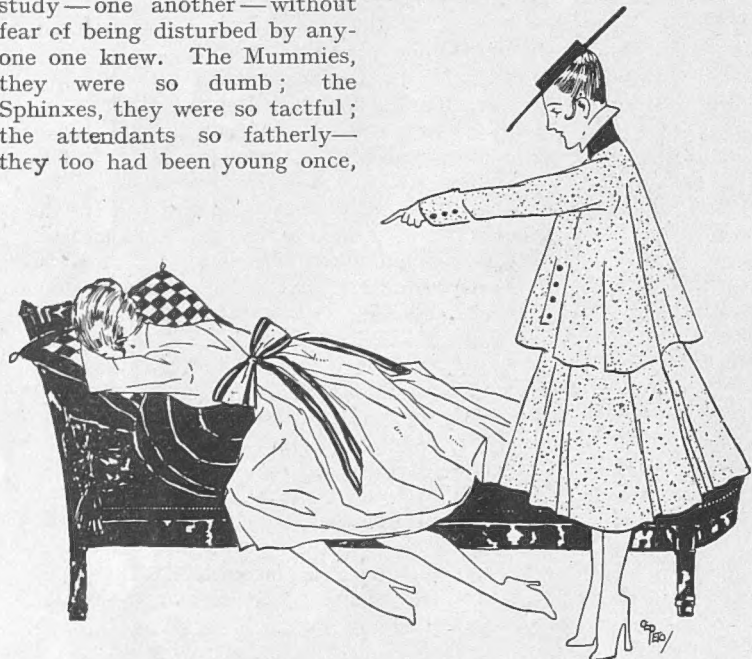
SOME MUSINGS ON MUSEUMS' AMUSEMENTS.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

I SAW such a lot of "yous" at the Empire the other evening "Following the Crowd" for once, instead of leading the rush, O fierce officers! Between ourselves, you do prefer, as war fare anyway, revues and such frivolities to the most serious kind of play, don't "yous"? Just as, I am told, you read more magazines than books. No one can blame you—it's a rest-cure you want, a sort of Turkish bath for the brain. Well, what did you think of the show at the Empire? Amusing, isn't it? Only one thing worried me—that half-dozen people or so thumping on the keyboard all at once. Suppose—terrible thought!—that the fashion spread to one's neighbours.

And so the British Museum is closed. I feel quite sympathetic about it. It was so warm in winter, so cool in summer, so peaceful in all seasons! I believe it was the only place where one could study—one another—without fear of being disturbed by any one one knew. The Mummies, they were so dumb; the Sphinxes, they were so tactful; the attendants so fatherly—they too had been young once,



"And who were you with?"

though they lived in a museum! Where are friends of yesterday and fiancés of to-morrow to find such a congenial courting-ground as in the British Museum? There was therein a pleasant atmosphere of studiousness, of serenity, and of security! One knew that one's Aunt Barbara took no interest in sarcophagi (is that the right plural?), and that one's Uncle Augustus cared not a stud for Etruscan vases! And that to the rest of your world the British Museum was merely a station on the Underground where one never got out at!

I only know of one other sort of experience that makes you feel the same sensation of ever-new Romance and ever-so-old History, and that is—was, rather—breakfast at Oxford with you, after losing the unnecessary third in petticoats in the Chapel. Dear old pre-war days—d'you remember? Of course, they haven't closed all the Museum's rooms, you know; you can't love among the ruins any more, but the reading-rooms are still opened—only not everybody is a student, while we are lovers all.

I have told you, I think, that a great woman-friend of mine is over here from Paris, and her little discoveries of things in England—things I know too well to notice any more—interest me as the stories of an explorer. I am so near you (I don't mean "yous,"

alas! but the English in general) that I have ceased to see you very clearly it seems. My friend and I had a week end rest sounds paradoxical, doesn't it?) in a little cottage in the country, and she read the papers to me while

I was making toasts at the open fire. Suddenly she chuckled.

"*Ecoute ça*," she said. "Chester is now employing women to sweep its streets, and they are doing it remarkably well," so says the *Sunday Pictorial*—isn't it funny?"

"I must be losing my sense of humour; but, then, I have a cold. I can't see anything droll in it at all—most natural."

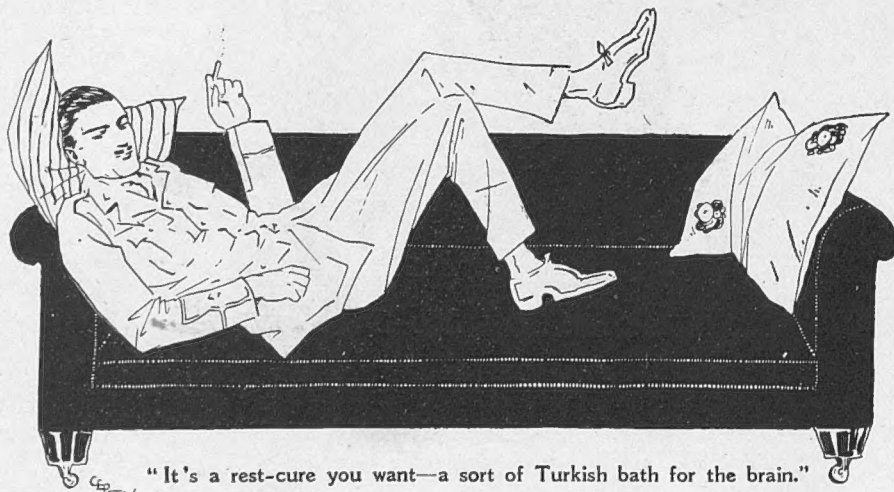
"That's just it, *Bébête*! Who should know how to sweep it not women? It does not require a witch to manage a broom, nor mighty man to play with dead leaves! And this agricultural women-movement—your fashionable farmeresses, your Society soweresses, your pretty plough-girls, your dainty dairy-maids, your patriotic planteresses of potatoes! *Tu m'amuses*. Yes: I have been reading your stuff: seventy-five centimes *The Sketch* costs me at any kiosk in Paris, *mais oui*!—extravagance, of course, only I love you. Your going into ecstasy over the woman who can see a spade without shivering made me smile!"

"But the Englishwoman is not used to field work."

"*Tant pis*! That's because her men seem to undervalue her capacity and capability in a way that would irritate us Frenchwomen wildly. Why, when our men went warring a year and a half ago, we did not go to Monsieur le Maire and ask for permission to milk our cows! We just tucked up our skirts and shed our sabots—" (I glanced at her high, glossy boots.) "Oh, they come off," she smiled. "We did not wait for an armlet or a uniform and the pat of public opinion on our back." She bit her toast aggressively. "Burnt!" she moaned; "but I suppose it's my fault. I love the English," she went on, scraping the blackened bread with fierce energy; "but, if they do ever make mistakes, it's not through taking rash and hurried decisions! I hear they are beginning to think that private motor-cars may be of public use; quite a good idea—must be ripe for the plucking by now! My car was requisitioned from the very beginning of the war. I did not grudge it. Fox-trotting is fine for the figure; but walking is better still, and has that advantage that if you go on long enough you get somewhere! Why, deprived of Rolls-Royces and stinted of sweets, we'll all become as svelte as sylphs!" Which is a comfort in our discomfort!

If I tell you a little true story will you promise not to repeat

it to a soul? Yes? *Voilà*. Six months ago my friend Floss married one of "yous," a nice young Captain whom she calls "Mooy" because his name is Maurice. They haven't seen much of one another, as he has been at the front all the time—except for a few too short leaves. The other day, I was having tea with Somebody at Crumbandclair, and suddenly, at a table in a corner, I saw a little pink face not quite hidden by a gigantic fur collar talking with animation to a "you" whose back was turned to me. "Hullo, Floss," I



"It's a rest-cure you want—a sort of Turkish bath for the brain."

thought, "Mooy is back in town, then; I am glad for her." As I was looking at the happy two, Floss turned her head towards the cake-counter, opened her little mouth wide, and her pink face paled. I turned that way curiously, and saw Mooy entering close on the heels of Rose Budd, of the Dome Theatre. I glanced back at Floss in astonishment—then it was *not* Mooy who was with her?



No; I could see now, as they precipitately left the table, that it was a "you" strange to me—awfully good-looking, with an interesting arm in a sling: the sort of man all women try not to stare at. I felt sorry. I sighed at the shattering of a pretty idyll. I liked Floss and Mooy: I had been at their war-wedding; and now it was all so silly and banal—after only six months! In front of me, staring at the door, Mooy, with a stunned look, was watching the expensive aigrettes on his wife's hat disappearing into a taxi. I got home quite depressed, and found Floss waiting for me with red eyelids and a little nose to match. "Oh, Phrynnette," she sobbed, "it's too terrible! He doesn't care for me any more!"

"Which one?" I asked.

"Mooy. He is *here* in town; never told me he was coming—may have been here days, weeks, months, ages! Taking tea—actually *taking tea*!—with that horrid Rose Budd, who sings 'Leave



"If you go on long enough you get somewhere."

Them to Me' at the Dome! Rose Budd indeed! Not much bud about her—cabbage-rose of many summers rather. And she has a false tooth—yes, I saw it quite plainly this afternoon, on the upper jaw, left side, next to the canine—and he prefers her to me! Ooooh, Phrynnette!

"And who were you with?" I asked severely.

"Oh, did you see us? 'Twas *only* Jack! I met him just as I was going in Crumbandclair, where I was to meet Maud. I was glad to see him—he was at Cambridge with Mooy, you know, and I like to talk of Mooy with someone who knows him; but now I shan't *ever*! And I can't even reproach him, because he'd say, 'What were you doing there with Jack while I am away?'—supposed to be, I mean—men are so suspicious. Ohohoh, Phrynnette!"

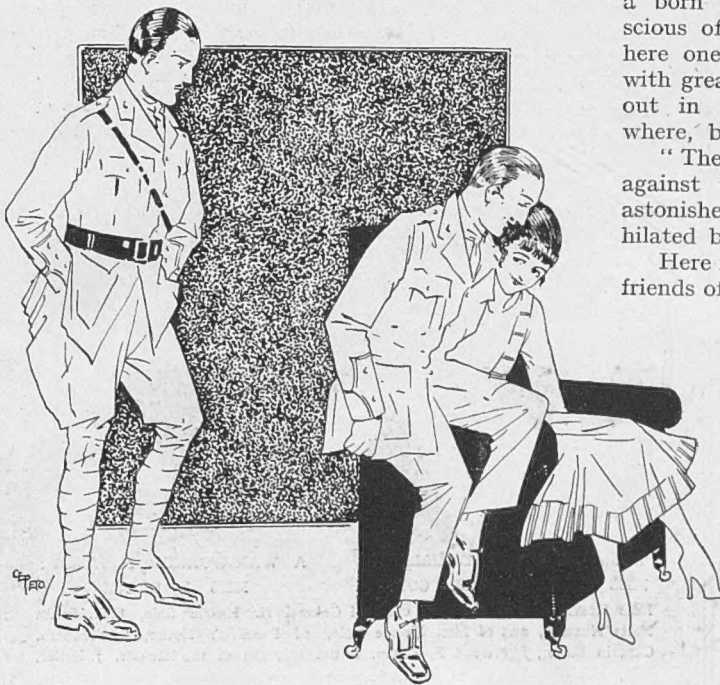
"But perhaps his being there was just as innocent—"

"With Rose Budd! Never You've not seen her pearls!—and her bath-room with a gold geyser or something!—and her historically rococo bed with cloth-of-gold coverlet."

I was awed—there was a knock at the door.

"Go in the next room," I said, "and dive in a basin of cold water, and don't spare the powder." Hardly had she slipped away, leaving the door slightly ajar, than Mooy entered.

"Oh, Phrynnette," he said, "have you seen Floss? D'you know what has happened? Have had such a beastly afternoon! Came up to town unexpectedly—did not wire, meant to give her a pleasant surprise." (Why *will* "yous" do that kind of thing?) "I called at the house—Floss was out; thought she might be here, started off; met Rose Budd, you know. I don't mind telling you, long ago, before the war, when I was a silly ass, I—er—well—she is a stunner, isn't she, though? And she was awfully decent at the time about it. She might have had me in a breach of promise as easily as anything—my people would have been awfully cut up about it. And so, when she said she was dying for a cup of



"What were you doing there with Jack while I am away?"

tea and a chat with me for old friendship's sake, 'twas rather a bother, but what is a chap to do? And so we turned into Crumbandclair, and there were Floss and Jack just going away! Yes; Jack, of all people! It's not playing the game. By Jove, I'll—"

"And suppose Floss had seen you with Rose Budd?"

"She did not; but it wouldn't have mattered—it was all perfectly innocent."

"As innocent as Floss and Jack's tea-talk—"

"Well, I don't know about Floss—I wanted you to advise me. What should I say to her—should I say anything to her? And what will she say to me, I wonder?"

"Hullo, you silly old thing!" gurgled Floss, with her arms around his neck.

I asked them to excuse me while I went to the telephone. But they did not answer me!

I don't know whether I have room enough to tell you about the National Portrait Society. I went there on the first day—I was going to say *Le Vernissage*. The Imp came too—I wish the Imp would take pity on people and pictures and me, and not say just what she thinks always; as I tell her, 'tis never done. She will say, for instance—and aloud too—standing before Mr. Augustus John's works, that "People who go to have their portraits painted should at least wash their face for that occasion!" Then she puts her head on one side and winks, which she thinks is the right way to take in a picture, and she laments gently, "*Pauvre Réjane, va!*" and pretends to wipe a tear!

I try to drag her away, but she struggles. "Wait, wait; here is Mr. Epstein's baby—oh, *le chéri*! Oh, what a dear little mouth, still wet with milk!" (She exaggerates slightly.) "Oh, I want it so." But the instincts of kidnappers have been foreseen and frustrated, for a thin gilt cord is passed around baby's neck tying it securely to the socle.

Another stand in front of Edmund Dulac's portrait of Michio Itow. "Oh, look, here is Itow—oh, *qu'il est beau!* I like him in black, don't you? But he looks gooder than in truth, *n'est-ce pas?*" People behind us are smiling. I pinch the Imp's elbow.

"Oh, you hurted me! Why did you pinch me? I'm peaking in French, so it's all right!" Arduous afternoon! There was so much Imp that I couldn't pay much attention to anything else.

I have to acknowledge several charming letters. I don't know which to deal with first—I'll pick them out hap-hazard. This one, censored on ship, has got two amusing stories in it—may I quote them to amuse the other men?

"The sailor is without doubt a born humorist, although, perhaps, unconscious of the fact. When first we came out here one man broke the news to his mother with great tact: 'Dear Mother,—We are now out in the Mediterranean. Can't tell you where, but *keep your eye on the casualty lists.*'"

"The other day we were all inoculated against typhoid, so one man informed his astonished parents that he had been 'annihilated by the doctor'!"

Here is a nice little problem for you. Some friends of mine have a cook who was engaged to a sergeant in the Army, and he was allowed to dine with her in the kitchen. The sergeant has now been given a commission—Are my friends to allow an officer to dine in the kitchen, or should they ask cook and her fiancé to dine with them upstairs? What does A. do?"

Thank you to "L. S. V." for his so nice letter. I am glad the magazine post knew where to find you. And it was not kindness on my part—just *camaraderie*. "The Paschal Lamb" is lovely—what a sweet thought, but I have done nothing to deserve it.

To Captain B.—No; I don't think you are "over-optimistic, nor presumptuous, nor conceited." Besides, are not the friends of our friends our friends too? Our mutual *camarade* "D. T." was quite right. Give him *mes amitiés*, and tell him that I am quite in love with his charming parents—but he mustn't take that as a Leap Year proposal!



"Entering with that horrid Rose Budd, who sings 'Leave Them to Me' at the Dome!"

SMALL TALK

THE winds, waves, and wildness of Wales have always been an inspiration to Lord Howard de Walden in his operatic work, and, naturally enough, Lady Howard de Walden was roped in as a helper for the Day. Lady Llangattock, too, came from the land of double-lls in time to give her support behind the scenes. Like Lord Howard de Walden, the Llangattocks hold much property both in Wales and in London, and it is appropriate that they should help to fill the money-boxes on the profitable pavements of the Metropolis.

The Fateful Letter.

Hendre, the Llangattock place in Monmouthshire, was the scene of one of the first private aviation parties held in the British Isles; and it was in reporting one such meet that a daily paper, dropping a fateful "s," described Mrs. Assheton Harbord as a "killed and experienced aeronaut." Later on—as if, alas! in justification of the misprint—the son of the house met his death in a flying accident.

Lady Joan. An exceptionally pretty girl is Lady Joan Stuart Wortley, engaged to Mr. Audley. "Exceptionally pretty," however, is a description that lacks force in her own family circle. She is the prettiest of Lord Wharncliffe's daughters, barring her sisters! That is to say, they are all exceptions. Both Lady Rachel, much photographed at the time of her own engagement, and Lady Joan are not unlike the great-aunt who sat in old days to Poynter for a classical picture, along with the present Duchess of Rutland and Mrs. Langtry.

Lord St. Davids' Gift.

Every now and again a privately printed memorial volume comes to us through the good services of a friend—some volume of home letters written from the front by a hand that proved its genius only just in time, on the eve of death. It is generally the genius of filial devotion and good comradeship that finds expression in such volumes—a devotion and comradeship at once gallant and spiritual. The pity is that such works should be printed in small private issues. Lord St. Davids did well to publish his son's letters and verses outright. The book deserved publication, and it was generous of the bereaved father to

honour of our officers in France, ample amends is made by his son's volume. It shows in what manner a boy of whom nobody had taken any particular note before the war could rise to the occasion on active service, not only as an officer, but as a very complete gentleman in all the attributes. His "testimonial" to his mother—made just before his death and hers—will always stand as an example of the happy conjunction of fine sentiment and happy manner, and will last to remind us of the spirit which animates our soldiers long after little unpleasantnesses about the Staff are forgotten.

The Wedding. The Oratory provides the wedding of the week; and no good resolutions on the part of mere mortals can strip a marriage ceremony in that church of a certain handsomeness and glamour. Though both bride and groom come from Ireland—Miss Arnott and her sister, now Mrs. von Clutsem, have spent several years in Merrion Square—they are also Londoners in so far as they possess a multitude of London friends. Lord de Freyne is new to the peerage, both the late holder of the title and his half-brother having been killed last year.

"V.C." The powers that be were kind to Lady Dorothy Bligh and her soldiering groom. After some doubt as to whether he would get leave for a February wedding, everything panned out comfortably, and the ceremony was fixed for the 29th. Another country wedding took place last week, between Mr. Armitage-Smith, of the Treasury, and Miss Ramsay, daughter of Sir James. Viscount Cross, grandson of the first Viscount, was best man.

"Anon." "Anon" has gone just one better than Lady Frederick Cavendish. Lady Frederick's contribution to the autograph section of the Red Cross Sale is a manuscript of Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break!"—the most valuable of all the contributions until an eminent man of letters, who does not wish to be named, sent in the original draft of Shelley's "Essay on Life." "Anon" has been responsible for many good things throughout the ages, and here, as far as the Sale is concerned, is a "top-hole" item. But why the attempt at mystery-making?



MARRIED, ON FEB. 28, TO LORD DE FREYNE :
MISS VICTORIA ARNOTT.

Miss Victoria Arnott, the younger twin-daughter of Sir John and Lady Arnott, of Merrion Square, Dublin, was born in 1887. Her twin-sister was married last year to Captain Richard E. G. van Cutsem, Leinster Regiment. Miss Victoria Arnott's marriage to Lord de Freyne was arranged to take place on Feb. 28. Lord de Freyne was born in 1884, and succeeded to the title last year.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



ENGAGED TO SIR GEORGE A. D. DUNBAR :
MISS SOPHIE KATHLEEN KENNEDY.

Miss Kennedy is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Benson Kennedy, of New York, and Inverness House, Porchester Terrace, W. Sir George A. D. Dunbar, of Durn, is the eighth Baronet, and is in the Black Watch.—[Photograph by Kate Pragnell.]



TO MARRY CAPT. A. T. MILLER:
MISS E. V. HEARLE COLE.

Miss Hearle Cole is the only child of Colonel E. Hearle Cole, C.B., South Notts Hussars, and of Mrs. Hearle Cole, of Dumfries House, Cheltenham. Captain Miller, Sherwood Foresters, is the only son of the late Mr. J. Miller, J.P., and Mrs. Miller, of Merivale, Bedford.—Miss Reeve, who has until recently been acting as head cook at a V.A.D. Hospital in Devon, is engaged to marry Mr. Norman Teale, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Teale, of Arthur Road, Wimbledon.—[Photographs by Vandyk and Swaine.]



A WAR-WORKER ENGAGED :
MISS J. REEVE.

believe that the public deserved the book. If anything Lord St. Davids said in a speech seemed to question the high

No man, these days, is allowed to possess a Shelley manuscript in secret, or part with one without being found out.



MARRIED, ON FEB. 26, TO CAPTAIN ROBIN
OTTER : MISS MARY TROUBRIDGE.

Miss Mary Troubridge, whose marriage to Captain Otter took place on Saturday last, is the eldest daughter of Rear-Admiral Troubridge, C.B., C.M.G. Captain Otter, Norfolk Regiment, is attached to the 26th Royal Fusiliers.—[Photo, by Swaine.]

A GAIETY FAVOURITE AT HOME: SELF AND PORTRAIT.



"A JULIE": MISS JULIA JAMES—AND A HELLEU DRAWING OF HER.

In a very few weeks the amusing production, "To-night's The Night," at the Gaiety, will complete two years of a successful and appropriately gay career. Miss Julia James is still to be seen in her delightful impersonation of Beatrice Carraway. It is

not every Star that has been "portraited" by Paul Helleu, but that Miss James has enjoyed that honour is proved by the picture over the mantelpiece in our "home" photograph of the clever young actress.—[Photograph by Hugh Cecil.]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

A Popular Superstition.

It is said that popular superstitions die hard. This is not correct. It is, in itself, a popular superstition. Popular superstitions do not die hard. They are immortal.

There is, for example, a popular superstition to the effect that an Englishman will always stick up for his rights. Englishmen have repeated it and believed in it for centuries. Nothing could be further from the truth. The average Englishman will do anything rather than stick up for his rights. He will stick up for the rights of other people. He will pour out his blood for other people. He will die for other people. Hint to him that an unknown savage tribe is being persecuted by a superior Power, and he will fling his affairs to the winds and rush forth to die in defence of that unknown savage tribe. But call his attention to the fact that, either as an individual or one of a class, he is being unjustly treated, and he will shrug his shoulders and reply that this may be so; at the same time, unfortunately, he can see no remedy.

Once get that fact about the Englishman well into your head, and, if you happen to be that sort of person, you can do as you please with his rights and privileges. You can walk into his house, knock him on the head, and take away his possessions in a wheelbarrow. When the house is stripped, he will look round with a gentle smile at the bare rooms, and observe—

"Well, you can say what you like, but an Englishman always sticks up for his rights." And he may add, if he remembers it, that an Englishman's house is his castle.

No More Third Class.

A well-known publicist, in the midst of all the turmoil, has made an attack on one of the poor Englishman's few remaining privileges. He wants to see everybody travelling third class on our railways.

He says that young officers cannot afford to travel first class, that first-class carriages are always empty, and that it is a waste of rolling-stock and light to run carriages which are always empty.

I do not agree. As a third-class passenger myself, I strongly object to the suggestion that first-class and second-class people should come bundling into our compartments. We do not want them. They are too grand for us, they take up too much room, their clothes are too splendid, they have too many parcels, and they smoke cigars. Hitherto, they have been kept to pens specially provided for them, and we have enjoyed immunity from their society.

Says this writer: "The modern third-class carriage for all practical purposes is as comfortable as the first-class carriage. The difference between them is mainly a matter of upholstery and mirrors and antimacassars and elbow-room and—snobbery."

I deny this. The difference between them is the difference in the company. In plain language, we do not care to travel with first-class passengers, and we ought not to be expected to do so.

How They Talk.

The other day, for example, I found myself in a first-class carriage. I did not know it was a first-class carriage until the other passengers began to converse. It was then too late, as the train had started, to get out.

A Bald-Headed Man began it. He said, "The Zepps are over to-night."

"Oh, indeed?" replied a Man with Fuzzy Hair.

"Yes. I've just had a telephone message from a very big firm in the Midlands. They've been warned."

"Oh, well," said the Man with Fuzzy Hair, "I shan't say a word about it at home. Only throw the women into a panic."

"Quite," agreed the Bald-Headed Man. "Never does to tell the womenfolk anything."

A Man with Glasses looked up. "What's all this?" he asked.

"The Zepps are over," repeated the Bald-Headed Man.

"Oh, are they? Well, why don't you call them Zeppelins?"

"Because," retorted the Bald-Headed Man, looking round the compartment in anticipation of a supreme dialectical triumph, "any name is good enough for anything German!"

"I wonder," mused the Man with Fuzzy Hair, "why the Germans are so united?"

"Because they don't know any better," said the Bald-Headed Man peevishly. He hated discussing anything but the fact of the Zepps being over. Of course, you know, they weren't over.

Refined Cruelty.

Now, is it reasonable, is it fair, is it humane that an intelligent third-class passenger should be compelled to listen, for a whole journey, to such nonsense as that? In the third class we never ask each other questions about the Germans. We never discuss the probable duration of the War. If we allude to the Zepps, it is in a jocose and casual manner. Our conversation, when we trouble to converse at all, has a direct influence on the conduct of the war. We decide, quietly and sensibly, what is to be done next. We discuss Ministers, and we give a

good mark to this one or a bad mark to that, according to his latest speech or act. We are just, but we are severe.

You can see, in a flash, that to mingle the two classes would be nothing short of refined torture for the third class.

The Picture That Turned Black.

My superstitious readers may be interested in the following.

I have on my walls a number of framed sketches, the gifts of various famous black-and-white artists. One of these, drawn long before the war, shows a party of Germans going the rounds of Stratford-on-Avon. This sketch is properly framed, and faces me as I write.

When the war began a curious film spread over the picture. The film darkened from day to day, until, by this time, half the sketch is obliterated. In a word, the picture is turning black.

Two caricatures hang alongside this sketch of the Germans. One is of myself, by the late Tom Browne; and the other of a well-known theatrical manager, drawn by himself. He is an Irishman and I am English. Both drawings are as clean and white as the day they were framed.

What is the explanation? If you have read "The Picture of Dorian Gray," you may feel inclined to form your own conclusion.



A HISTORIC "PROP." USED IN "TIGER'S CUB": MISS MADGE TITHERADGE ON A SLEDGE ASSOCIATED WITH TWO FAMOUS EXPLORERS.

An interesting "property" used in "Tiger's Cub" at the Garrick Theatre is the original sledge used by the Norwegian explorer, Borchgrevink, on the first Antarctic expedition. The dogs drawing the sledge are sons of Captain Scott's "Antarctic Buck," from whose flesh, it is said, he made his last meal. Miss Madge Titheradge plays the name-part in "Tiger's Cub," the scene of which is laid in Alaska.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

MORALS OF MACKENZIE: ZEPPELIN HINTS.



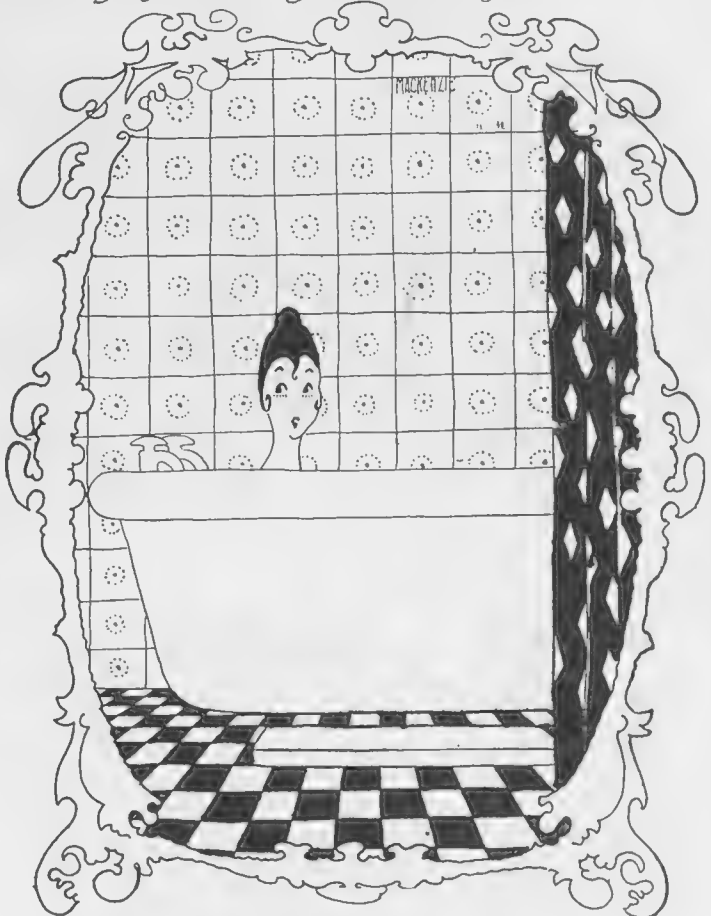
Paris tells us the ground floor is the safest—



But if you will insist in descending to the cellar, don't forget there may be other dangers.



If you hear bombs dropping, don't worry, stay in bed and keep calm.



And don't rush to the window to see the Zeppelins if you happen to be bathing.



THE CLUBMAN

ZEPPELINS AND DAMP SQUIBS: NERVES: THE GENTLE ART OF SIGNALLING.

Should London Be Warned?

It seems to me that there are just as many "pros" as "cons" in the argument as to whether London should be warned when hostile airships are over the country. The people who are likely to be nervous when an air attack is delivered against London without any previous warning being given are mothers whose children are not at home, husbands whose wives are travelling, or wives whose husbands are at their businesses; and a warning given a couple of hours in advance of the attack would enable the human hens to gather their chickens under their wings before the hawks came, and considerate husbands could always get back to the marital nest before the banging begins, or telephone or telegraph advice to their wives should the ladies be far from the nest.

"Con." On the other hand, if warning were given to all London as soon as the police knew that Zeppelins were over the coast it is quite likely that the evening life of London might be seriously disturbed without any attack taking place, for the captains of the Zeppelins are not polite enough, on arriving above the coast of England, to drop a message saying in which direction they intend to steer. A husband would certainly think twice before he took his wife to dine at a restaurant or to the theatre or to a variety house on an evening when an official warning was out that an air attack was probable; and anyone who was ill would certainly not be bettered by lying awake the night through to hear the sound of the bombs and the barking of the guns, only to be told in the morning that the Zeppelins never came anywhere near London, or that they turned back, as they so often do, when they reached the coast.

Club Warnings. Any man who belongs to one of the big clubs, and who is in his club in the late afternoon of a day when Zeppelins pay a visit to England, is pretty sure to hear that the ugly visitors are expected. On one such afternoon, going into a club in Piccadilly, I found posted on the notice-board an order to all special constables in the London area to report at the police stations at 6.15 p.m. Had the notice run that Zeppelins had been reported to be nearing our coast, it could not have told the club world more plainly what was happening than did this summons to the specials. That particular evening was the one on which Mr. Bouchier produced "Mrs. Pretty and the Premier" at His Majesty's Theatre.

We All Knew. I am sure that before the curtain rose on the play that night there was not a person in the audience who did not know that very probably before the play was concluded Zeppelins might be showering bombs in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket. There were certainly no signs of nervousness in the theatre, and those of us who reckoned up the time it would take Zeppelins to travel from the coast to London, and who calculated that if a bomb were coming through the roof of the theatre that night it would probably make its appearance about the end of the first

act, did so jestingly. There were no empty seats, and when occasionally a commissionaire brought in a message to somebody in the audience—they were generally telephone messages from wives to husbands to say that no trains were running—nobody turned his head or allowed the incident to distract his attention from the play. The play was not disturbed, and we came out of the theatre into a very dark but quite quiet London.

The Cock-Crow Signal.

There have been plenty of suggestions as to what the signal should be if a warning is to be given. Some people advocate the lowering of all lights by lessening the pressure; but very often the pressure is lowered without there being any danger as a justification, and if we are to expect a Zeppelin raid every time the lamps in the drawing-room are burning badly the nervous people amongst us will expect a raid two or three times a week. In the Midlands, I read, warning is to be given of the approach of Zeppelins by the whistles and sirens of the manufacturing factories sounding the railway warning, "the cock-crow," which consists of five short notes and then a long one. If London is to have any warning at all, it should be possible to give us the cock-crow in our electric lights. Five flickers and three seconds of total darkness would tell all London that Zeppelins were off the coast, and that within two hours they possibly might be over London. Timorous souls could then make what preparations they chose in case of a possible bombardment; while those of us—the immense majority—who did not think it worth while to interrupt our usual routine could take our chance of being bombed in our clubs or at the theatre.

What We Do Not Do. Looking back to the preparations we were all warned by "know-alls" to take at the commencement of the war, it is rather amusing to find that nowadays no one does any of these things. If any people did furnish and provision cellars with a view to taking refuge in them when a bombardment commenced, I am quite sure that by now the furniture has been carried upstairs again and the provisions sent to the larder.

A bombardment, when it does come, never lasts for more than five minutes. One lady of my acquaintance put pailfuls of sand on all the landings of the staircase. The last time I went to tea at her house I noticed that these had disappeared. If an inflammatory bomb does fall through a house, a few pailfuls of sand will not put out the conflagration. Somebody pointed out the other day in print that the party-walls of houses were rarely, if ever, knocked down by bombs; but I doubt whether this great discovery will persuade us all to take refuge up our chimneys during an air raid. I sleep most nights within hearing of a railway. So long as the trains are running I am quite satisfied that no air raid is coming; and I think that other Londoners may well look to their nearest railway stations for a hint, and not worry the police by telephone inquiries.



WHERE HUNDREDS OF WOUNDED HAVE RECEIVED FREE TREATMENT: LORD FRENCH OPENING AN EXTENSION OF THE NEW ROYAL BATHS AT BATH.

Early in the war the City of Bath offered free treatment to officers and men who might benefit by the waters of the famous spa, and hundreds have done so. An extensive addition to the new Royal Baths, containing fifty rooms, for various treatments, was opened by Viscount French last Wednesday, Feb. 23. In his speech Lord French said: "I hope every man, woman, and child in this country will understand how deeply we have appreciated their care and tenderness and their kindness to our sick and wounded comrades. No city in the whole of the Empire has proved this more than the city of Bath."—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

FIVE INTERESTING ENGAGEMENTS: THE BRIDES-TO-BE.

TO MARRY CAPT. F. C. BEDWELL:
MISS AILEEN NUGENT GRATTAN.

TO MARRY LIEUT.-COM. A. W. HUNT:
MISS PHYLLIS DENTON PARKER.

TO MARRY CAPT. H. G. MUNDY:
MISS M. M. G. ROSE.

TO MARRY MR. HUGH S. HOLDEN:
MISS PHYLLIS COOPER.

TO MARRY CAPTAIN PEYTON:
MISS JOAN DUGDALE.

Miss Grattan is the daughter of Colonel O'Donnel Grattan, D.S.O., Holm Lodge, Lexden, Colchester. Captain Bedwell, West Yorkshire Regiment, is the son of Mr. Frank Bedwell, York, and grandson of the late Judge Bedwell.—Miss Parker is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Parker, Grove Park, Liverpool. Lieutenant-Commander A. W. Hunt is in the Nigerian Marine.—Miss M. M. G. Rose is daughter of the late Mr. Hugh Rose and of Mrs. John Drysdale, St. Aubyn's, Hove. Captain H. G. Mundy, of the Department of Agriculture, South Rhodesia, is in the

Royal Sussex Regiment, and is son of the late Mr. C. P. Mundy and of Mrs. Mundy, of Hove.—Miss Cooper is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gervas Cooper, Broadhurst Gardens, N.W. Mr. Hugh S. Holden resides at Lackford Manor, Bury St. Edmund's.—Miss Joan Dugdale is only child of Mr. John Stratford Dugdale, K.C., Recorder of Birmingham, and of Mrs. Dugdale. Captain Algernon T. Peyton, 11th Hussars, is eldest son of Sir Algernon Francis Peyton, and Lady Peyton, Swift's House, Bicester.—[Photographs by Bassano, Bacon, Langfrier, Elliott and Fry and Alice Hughes.]



CROWNS · CORONETS COURTIER



WIFE OF AN AIDE-DE-CAMP TO THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA: THE VIS-COUNTESS ERRINGTON.

Nothing could be more suitable than the appointment of Viscount Errington as aide-de-camp to Lord Chelmsford, for he is familiar with the duties. Lady Errington, too, was immensely popular in India as Lady Ruby Elliot, one of the beautiful daughters of the fourth Earl of Minto, who was Viceroy and Governor-General of India, 1905-1910.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



TOOK PART IN THE DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE AT WINCHESTER, LAST WEEK, IN AID OF THE FUND FOR SENDING COMFORTS TO THE RIFLE BRIGADE: THE HON. AUREA BARING.

The Hon. Aurea Baring is the second daughter of the fifth Baron Ashburton, and was born in 1891. Her mother, who died in 1904, was the Hon. Mabel Edith Hood, daughter of the fourth Viscount Hood.

Photograph by Annette Field.



A WAR-WORKER WHO LOOKS AHEAD: LADY HARLECH.

With that patriotism which takes after-the-war conditions into consideration, Lady Harlech is having lessons in making fancy leather goods. If Englishwomen and girls take up this work seriously, it will be a step towards the capture of enemy trade in this industry. Lady Harlech is one of the six sisters of the Marquess of Huntly, other of his sisters being the Countess of Ancaster and the Countess of Lonsdale.

Photograph by Lafayette.

THE longer the war the more rakish becomes the angle of Lord Ribblesdale's hat. By the same token, the longer the war the more crowded are the first nights at the new revues. In the "Follow the Crowd" audience, which included the Duchess of Rutland, with her friend of the Legitimate Drama, Lady Tree; Lady Curzon and Miss Joan Dickson-Poynder, Lady Arthur Paget, and the Duchess of Marlborough, who out of work hours doffs her philanthropic aureole for the gayest of tiaras—in such a crowd, I say, the House of Commons atmosphere seems rather more than a thousand miles away. There they talk solemnly of a solemn war-time mood, and legislate accordingly; but an unwritten law, stronger than any other, holds sway elsewhere. It supports the "Ancestor's" hat at an impossible angle, and fills the Empire. It is the law of cheerfulness.

What *Carryings-on*! This is all very far from being bunkum. It may really and truly be quite as irksome to obey the unwritten law as to give up motor-cars and dine on a cold tongue dumped out of a glass case. Nobody can suspect the Duchess of Marlborough of being possessed of an ungovernable passion for first nights at the Empire, or imagine that Lord Farquhar finds that the prospect of seeing Miss Fay Compton unrobing in the limelight irresistibly overthrows another scheme of war-time conduct. Lord Farquhar, in whose presence we have visions of Royal Householding and of Castle Rising rising in the distance, "carries on" on principle. "Carrying on" is a phrase that has lost all its impropriety.

The Savoyards. What pre-war party at the Savoy could have been gayer than Miss Gertie Millar's birthday function a week or so ago? Lord Churchill and Miss Teddie Gerard, Lady Victor Paget and Mr. Nelson Keys, Sir James Barrie (one of the speech-makers) and Lord Drogheda—of such as these was the party composed. And Miss Millar herself would have laughed, very prettily, perhaps, but quite scornfully, at any one among the fifty guests who had been so lacking in a sense of humour as to imagine that her birthday, taken merely as a birthday, is of such great account. She herself regarded it as one of those trifles that become tremendous trifles by reason of their bearing on war-time psychology. England is still fit; she keeps her good looks and gaiety despite her trials. And Miss Gertie Millar has the fighter on her side: one of the Savoyards was a Victoria Cross man.

Re-frocking in Paris. Lord and Lady Wimborne are again paying a flying visit to Paris. That, too, is part of the "carrying-on" scheme, for, however much business is put into the visit, there is a sufficiency of pleasure mixed up with it. Lord and Lady Wimborne make a point of living elaborately in the capital; and Lady Wimborne goes shopping with a full purse. She is not out to preach economy to a community whose daily bread is snatched away when the Great World loses heart. She does not disappoint the dressmakers; and, if reports are true, the dressmakers are not disappointing her.

The Heroines. Both Lord and Lady Drogheda have been busy in town of late—busy at the business of carrying on. At the Queen's Club, Lady Drogheda has been having some lively sets with King Manuel and Lady D'Abernon; and the Marquis de Soveral, immaculate as ever, was a spectator. To the Grosvenor Gallery, where Lady Drogheda goes as a matter of course, M. de Soveral is more loth to follow her. He is shy of scrutinising the less lovely experiments in feminine portraiture. The courageous ones are the ladies who not only admire, but sit to, Epstein. There is a legend that one patron of that great but strange sculptor has buried his Epsteins in his back garden for the period of the war, regarding them as too depressing for the times. Epstein's latest sitters, on the other hand, have been rewarded for their temerity, for the sculptures of pretty women in the new exhibition are themselves almost pretty.

On Leave. The moot point is—"What entertainment to offer the man on leave?" Generally, he knows pretty well what he wants to do, and does it. The married officer often elects to take a furnished flat for a week in town; invites his wife—if he possesses her without the encumbrances that make a home visit imperative—to stay with him, and goes to the theatre every night in mufti. He is the rather serious young man you see in the stalls, plying his companion with chocolates, and during the interval enjoying a leisurely cigarette and leisurely chatter in the vestibule—so leisurely that you would judge he had an eternity of such pleasures before him instead of a bare week.

The Bird. But he should have plenty of invitations to other forms of relaxation, if only that he may have the pleasure of turning them down in favour of his own chosen mode of holiday-making. And his way of refusing is sometimes unexpected. "No, thanks; I know now what it is to be the bird," wired a man, home with a wound, who was asked some little while back to a shooting-party. It is an authentic instance of the new sensibility that comes of our return to "barbarism," and is worth repeating even at the risk of it having been printed before.



TOOK PART IN THE DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE AT WINCHESTER, IN AID OF THE FUND FOR SENDING COMFORTS TO THE RIFLE BRIGADE: LADY ASHBURTON.

Lady Ashburton, who took part in the performance of "His Excellency the Governor," at the Theatre Royal, Winchester, on the 23rd, 24th, and 25th inst., was Miss Frances Donnelly, daughter of Mr. J. C. Donnelly, of New York, and was married to Baron Ashburton, as his second wife, in 1906.

Photograph by Annette Field.

TO BE SEEN AT THE GAIETY: A POET-SOLDIER'S WIFE.



APPEARING IN "A VARIETY FAIR": LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH.

Lady Cynthia Asquith, who is taking an important part in "A Variety Fair," due for presentation at the Gaiety on Friday next, March 3, in aid of the Waterloo Free Buffet for fighting-men, is the eldest daughter of the ninth Earl of Wemyss and March, and was born in 1887. Her marriage to Mr. Herbert Asquith, second son of the Prime

Minister, took place in 1910. She has two children. Mr. Asquith, who was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1907, is now a Lieutenant in the Army. Also, he is a poet: eight of his works were published recently. He was wounded on active service in Flanders.—[*Photograph by Lafayette.*]

AT THE SCHOOL FOR STRAFING!



AT COUNT ZEPPELIN'S EVENING CLASSES FOR BOMB-DROPPERS.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON. (COPYRIGHT IN U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

"AMBASSADRESS" AND BATHING DRESS: "MORE" MINTO.



AN ADDITION TO THE SECOND EDITION OF "MORE," AT THE AMBASSADORS': MISS DOROTHY MINTO.

The inclusion of Miss Dorothy Minto in the cast of "More," at the Ambassadors' (now in its second edition), has added to the already great attractions of that popular revue. It may well be asked, if these things are done in the comparative, what will be done in the superlative? May it be long, however, before "More" turns into "Most," for that would imply finality, whereas "More" has a quality of elasticity

which is capable of indefinite extension. There is no need to record here the many successes of Miss Dorothy Minto both in comedy and, more recently, in revue. Since the war began, suffice it to say, she has been seen as Kiki in "The Glad Eye," at the Strand, as Fifi in "A Chinese Honeymoon," at the Prince of Wales's, and in "Watch Your Step," at the Empire.—[Photographs by Claude Harris.]



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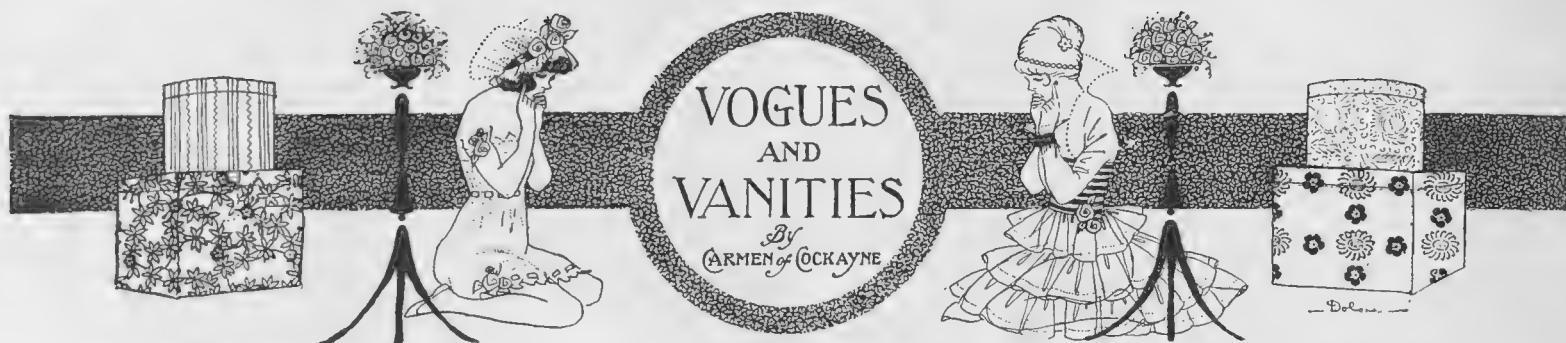
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SHORE SHIELD !



THE LAD FROM THE TRENCHES (after having listened patiently to some tall yarns of strange happenings in the North Sea) : Now, look 'ere, Sinbad. No swank. 'Ow many times this war 'ave you been drowned outright?

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



It recalls a mediæval helmet in shape, but it is all of tulle, and the chain is straw.

that is the crowning glory of one may in the case of another act as the extinguisher of beauty. Now the chief function of Fashion, though her critics will never admit it, is to make women look beautiful, and ample provision in the way of hats has been made this season for the woman who finds a hat that is tall, or diminutive, or a combination of both, "trying" to the face with which Nature has seen fit to endow her. So, when occasion or taste demands it, hats show a perfect readiness to discard a generous measure of crown in favour of wealth of brim, and soaring trimmings for such "flatness" as will meet the needs of the case. Really, there is so much latitude allowed and such abundant variety from which to make a choice, that there is no danger of that monotony which at one time used to be the weak point of the mode-makers.

But, of course, this latitude has its dangers. You cannot wear, say, a hat inspired by Directoire memories with a gown permeated with the ideals of Watteau; there must be some sense of fitness; and, as the ideas of dress just now are borrowed from at least three different centuries, tintured with sufficient modernity to bring them right up to date, it follows that hats are equally varied, and must be chosen on some rational plan. It is, however, easy, if you have a little taste, to avoid looking like a badly arranged epitome of a dress museum, even if your income is only a modest hundred or two.

The Bowler Magnificent. The choice of materials is as wide as the styles are diverse. Ribbon, which plays a conspicuous part on many a dress, is employed also on hats, to which, in the form of towering bows, it gives

the requisite modish quality of height. Frequently, too, it supplies the material from which the whole *chapeau* is made. One such hat of the bowler persuasion, composed entirely of strands of narrow ribbon drawn tightly over crown and brim, boasted a single cockade-like decoration as its only ornament, and suggested itself as the ideal crowning touch for a new spring tailor-made. Then there is the checked hat. Decidedly a "winner" this time last year, it is once again in the field. The under-brim is usually plain; but for the rest, in black and white, red and white, or any other two colours as the case may be, it looks the world



The fact that brims are at a premium is illustrated in this tiny hat of coloured straw trimmed with a simple wreath and bow.

squarély in the face. Ribbon or straw, or a mixture of both, "block" check silk, or satin, or even American cloth, are pressed into service by the milliner.

Flower-Pot Toppers. The hats which Dolores has sketched on

this page illustrate more forcibly than words the varying phases of hat fashions. In some instances the topper still crowns the mode. In the example shown here the severity of black panne is tempered by a wall of wired tulle and a bow of coloured ribbon. Yet another aspect of the tall hat is of the flower-pot type. It is expressed in soft crinoline straw—a material for which great popularity is predicted during the coming summer. The straight valance of clear

tulle which is sufficiently long to overshadow the eyes is a new and attractive feature, and the flowers like nothing so much as the highly coloured sugary blossoms which adorn a birthday cake.

The Pineapple Trimming. Trimming is a matter in

which La Mode exhibits a wide catholicity of taste. Flowers and ribbons are both employed, but save in the all-flower hat, there is a tendency to restrict floral decoration to the dimensions of a simple spray, a narrow wreath, or a demure posy, tightly packed and laid flat on crown or brim. Of workmanlike ornaments of coloured straw or beads there is no lack, and all sorts of bunches of "assorted fruits," not excluding pineapples, are prepared for those whose tastes, even in hat-decoration, inclines towards vegetarianism.



Simplicity is the soul of chic, which in this case is represented by stitched silk, and silk that is not stitched.



Tulle supplies the height, at least the greater part of it, and black panne the substance, with a touch of ribbon of any colour you prefer.

AN IMPOSSIBLE SITUATION.



AN AMERICAN FASHION-PLATE YOUNG LADY TRYING TO FLIRT WITH AN AMERICAN FASHION-PLATE YOUNG MAN.

DRAWN BY LEWIS BAUMER.



Phillip in Particular. III.—A Brigadier and a Billet.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

A LARGISH ray of sunshine appeared to come into the farm kitchen, and the members of the Junior Mess — Field Company, R.E., looking up, perceived that their mental processes had clicked right. Phillip was here.

Phillip—and you'll remember that's said slow—came in not gloomily, yet with some of the atmosphere with which mutes keep the departed in his proper place. He drank gratefully of the type of tea that goes so goldenly with sparklet, and the pundit of the billet, deducing—from the fact that Phillip's immortal tie was five millimetres too much middle-and-leg—that the old world was wobbling on its orbit somewhere, hushed the rest to decent gravity.

"A Brigadier of the most repulsive guild has arrived," said Phillip presently, and for no more reason than that he wished to state the fact.

"All Brigadiers—save three—are repulsive," commented the Senior Lieutenant. "The other three are utterly repulsive."

Phillip nodded his breathless hat in the bright fashion of Charon.

"You will have to make it four. This new Old Man of the Higher Up will be number four. He excels all Brigadiers in loathly Brigadiery. He is the final and awful example of his species. He is a long, thin wretch, with a Chelsea manner carried to vicious excess. He has a Torres Vedras nose and a Blucher eye. He loves luxury and ease and peace and quietness. He has sneaked wee Effie's [the Brigadier's daughter] eider-down and brought it along to beat the Hun; and he has a rubber foot-bottle in a red petticoat also. He's a sin. Moreover and withal, he knows How the Army Should be Run, damme! He Knows how to Put Ginger into these Bean-Fed British Skulkers, Sirree!"

"We gather," muttered Junior Transport, "that there is something about Brigadier No. 4 which has failed to catch your young affections, Phillip."

Phillip bristled to his red tabs.

"My dear Watson, you are right. This brute Brigadier has scoffed my billet."

"What!" howled the mess in horror.

"Scoffed, bagged, stolen, or pinched. Choose your own revised version. But th' feller's done it. There was dirty weather in the Channel last night, I hear, and I should say the same wind blew him along. He liked my billet—liked the brambly roses growing on its simple bricks. I could see his desiccated heart growing fluid as he looked upon it. Then he stalked in like the conquering Willy. There was my little brass bed. There was my sitting-room with its reputed fire, and the settee and the civilised chairs, and the one sound saddle-bag in all Flanders, and the piano with the score of 'Bric-à-Brac' yearning to be played, and the noble oleograph entitled 'Micquette's First Prayer' on the wall—the creature saw all this, and saw M'selle and Papa and Maman, and found them jolly. . . . Then—then he told me a long anecdote of his youthful days, way back in the mists of time. It was the dullest anecdote uncensored. But by slow degrees I gathered that its moral concerned the benefits of hard living in young persons."

"Go on, go on," snapped the anxious mess. "Cut out the frilly bits. What's the end of the story?"

Phillip became weary. "The end is hard living and much benefit for me. It seems I am over-young. That billet could not stand me. I have five hours to move my dunnage into a large bleak field eighty-five and four-fifth yards from that house. There, 'neath the inverted cullender they call the sky and a slip of canvas, I camp. Then this Brigadier fellow marches in. That is the end. Now who will write home and break the news to Kitchener?"

"He—he's scoffed your billet! A wry-necked brass-hat?" wailed the Junior Transport.

"Brains are getting ripe here," said Phillip. "I see I need not explain. My billet is scoffed. No more the brass bed and sheets washed once a month. No more sitting-room and a fire that gives warmth without sore eyes; no more settees, or civilised chairs, or a saddle-bag for the first man in. No more teas or joy nights, or 'Bric-à-Brac' on a piano more or less in tune. No more M'selle to be nice to one . . . no more any of these things for me—or you."

"Oh, hell!" said the Senior Lieutenant.

"Sherman said that too," admitted Phillip. "He knew. I suppose he'd been a junior officer one time."

"But—couldn't you poison him? Do something lethal?"

"No go," said Phillip. "M'selle suggested arsenic in his beer. But you can't poison Brigadiers. They're impervious."

They sat about in the happy attitudes of aristocrats waiting for the tumbrels.

"Poor feller," said Phillip reflectively, when the heavy gloom had begun to make their shoulders ache. "Poor feller! After all, all he's looking forward to is reasonable security away from the strafing of the Hun; safety and peace and quietness in which to think his little white thoughts . . . peace, and a lot of quiet. . . ."

The Senior Lieutenant caught his mild and glittering eye.

"Ah," he agreed. "Peace and quiet. . . ."

They looked at each other nobly, as ones recognising that new worlds were being made.

"I suppose you can dope the store-keeper . . . and some of you may not feel criminally disinclined to a little spade-work?" mentioned Phillip.

They arose solemnly, and went to the R.E. Store.

Phillip knew why men are not heroes to their valets when the Brigadier came—taking four stairs to the stride—to the ground-floor in the dewy chill of the morning. A Brigadier sans boots, sans tunic, sans collar, and with the shaving-soap half-



A FAMOUS ACTOR SERVING IN EGYPT: LIEUTENANT HUNTLEY WRIGHT IN CAMP NEAR CAIRO. Mr. Huntley Wright, the famous comedian, is at present serving in Egypt. Another photograph of him there appears elsewhere in this Number. He was born in London on August 7, 1869, so he was exactly forty-five when the war began. His patriotism in joining the Army was therefore all the more commendable.

Photograph by Topical.

congealed on his chin, has never appeared upon an Academy canvas; but Phillip thought that, to a realist of the grimmest kind, there would be a fortune in such a picture—if it was only by way of hush-money.

Phillip was towelling in the scullery. He greeted the Brigadier with his bright morning face.

"Good day, Sir," he said pleasantly. "Topping morning, what?"

The Brigadier gurgled. "'Topping morning what' be damned!" he gasped, and there was much good shaving-stick in his accent. "'Topping morning' to Hades, Sir. We are being shelled—shelled, do you understand?"

Phillip paused in his towelling. The dawn of wonder was on his evenly polished face.

"Shelled," he said, with injury. "Shelled, Sir, where?"

There was no innocence ever so condemnatory as Phillip's. You knew at once that the Brigadier was keeping something from him—he was hiding a German artillery park in the bosom of his crinkly shirt. Even the Brigadier was abashed to comparative calmness.

"Please do not be a damned cow-keeper, Sir," he said, in his urbane fashion. "I have said we are being shelled. I am speaking English. Four tenebrous shells, a bouquet of 'em, Sir, have just exploded within ten yards of this billet, Sir. The din was terrible. It had a most maiming timbre, Sir. And you stand there like a—like a—"

[Continued overleaf.]

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THE MAJOR

(soliloquising)

"Quite a discriminating young fellow that new Sub . . . said he could offer me a better cigarette than I was smoking . . . Jove! he was right, too . . . A chap who can find out a good thing like this won't be long before he gets promotion . . .

must make a note to get some . . . What's the name? . . . Ah, Cavander's Army Club Cigarettes."

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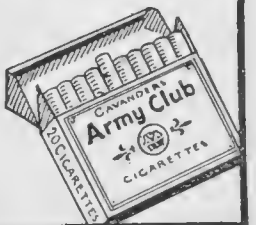
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"Ficolax" is a delightful Fruit Laxative, so pleasant to the taste that children cry for more.

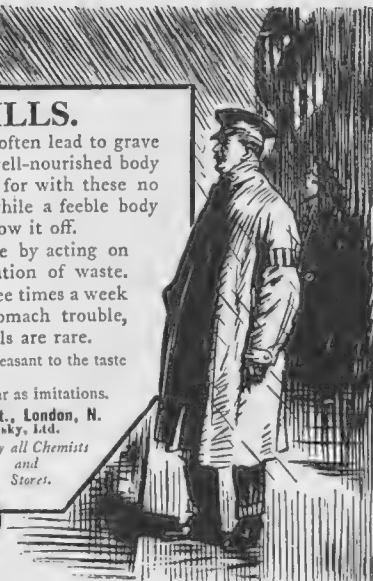
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"Oh, that"—Phillip recommenced the industry of towelling. "Morning hate, Sir; nothing more."

"Oh—erumph—I thought this billet—" began the Brigadier.

Four bangs of rich, deep resonance shattered the air outside. There was a great deal of smoke among the trees of the orchard. Phillip swung on his heel to gaze out of the window. But the towelling continued unabashed.

"Getting good at it, ain't they?" he said enthusiastically to the apoplectic General. "Oh, but of course you haven't been following the marking, Sir—of course not. But they are getting on to us fine. Might hit this old shack any day now. Persevering fellers the Huns—eh, Sir? Tryers, what?"

"What 'be damned!" said the Brigadier, only less explosively than the shells. "Don't you 'what' me, Sir. You forget I came to this billet for peace and security. That's what responsibility must have—peace, security. Owe it to his command, to the blankety men under him. You gave me to understand that these billets were peaceful and secure—out of range, Sir; and here are eight vermilion earthquakes bursting in my very wash-basin, Sir, in my very soap-dish. What d'y mean by peace, Sir? What d'y mean by security, Sir?"

Phillip gazed at him with a face blank beyond the efforts of any other junior officer.

"Only usual morning hate, Sir," he said with wonderment. "Nothin' special about it. Nothin' very harmful. Very few casualties, Sir; and those fatal rather than nasty. Assure you, Sir—"

But the Brigadier, conscious of his riding-breeks *sans* boots, had gone aloft to the flowing shaving-bowl.

"Dear old man; good heart, no doubt," said Phillip to the Senior Lieutenant R.E. a little later. "Very keen that the Army should have the full benefit of him; but I consider his calm is shaken. . . ."

"A 'Jack Johnson' might come along," said the Senior Lieutenant, who was, let it be noted, carrying a spade.

"Ah," admitted Phillip. "A 'Jack Johnson' is very sapping. I've known it undermine quite excellent constitutions."

When the Brigadier came back to lunch, Phillip, almost too beautiful to look upon, was leaving the billet with a grip. Phillip

was diffident before so much greatness, but the General, having spent a morning in the secure and homely air of H.Q., and conscious of the impending holiness and beauty of a good lunch in the most comfortable billet of the sector, was in a mood to recognise that quite ordinary mortals lived and used the earth. He said very cheerily to Phillip, "Excellent weather for this kind of weather. No more shelling, I hope. . . ."

Phillip flung himself flat on his face. There was urgency, not veneration, in his attitude.

"Down, Sir!" he yelled. "Down! 'Ware 'Jack Johnson'!"

The Brigadier came down with the utmost violence upon all his rheumatic parts. Perhaps he swore—he had taken his degree in swearing—but the noise that arose cut off all communication with the Muses. It was a vast noise. It was the largest and most

been the rheumatism. Also, he had not clasped mother earth to his bosom so earnestly since childhood, and his dignity had to get used to the trick. He looked towards the cabbage-patch, where a crater—not a very large crater, but he wasn't the man to be precise about measurements just then—was steaming merrily. He looked at Phillip, and the serenity of Phillip lacerated his soul.

"Can I expect any more like that in this quiet billet?" he asked bitterly. "Or was that the afternoon peevishness that preludes the afternoon hate?"

"No more to-day, should say," answered Phillip, without conviction. "May be more, of course. Have known it so." His face became cheerful. "But it'd be at night, anyhow—the next. If they loose about lunch, they generally heave over a second in the dark. Want to catch you in bed, of course. Nasty trick, Sir. But they *do* play for keeps, don't they, Sir? They feel sure of hitting someone in a house at nights."

The Brigadier's lunch was not the mellow success he had anticipated.

"He's thinking," said Phillip to the Senior Lieutenant.

Thinking with all his brain. You can almost hear it churning."

"Good," said the Lieutenant. "We'll be along about dinner."

The Brigadier was a trifle pensive as he came home to dinner. The sight of four Engineer officers being worried all about the flower-beds did not improve his soul. This morning he would have called down the wrath of heaven upon all juniors; now he was hurt. He spoke to the nearest, not noticing in his wonderment that this was a Transport officer doing strange large things with a spade and pliers. The Junior Transport officer saluted.

"Awfully sorry to trouble you, Sir," he said; "but the fact is we've got wind of a mine planted about here."

"A mine!" gasped the Brigadier, with some of his old spirit. "A mine planted a mile or so from the nearest firing-trench. When was the Engineering O.T.C. depoted at Bedlam?"

"Not the ordinary sort of mine, Sir," said the Transport Junior. "A spy-mine, we think—buried ammunition, perhaps. The Germans passed over here in their retreat, and left it—a lot of it. But it's connected up somewhere—wires, you know. We've found one pair of leads, traced 'em to a copse. But they run them in threes, you know, in the ordinary way. And then the ammunition, or mine. The idiot, Sir, who found the wires hauled them in—broke 'em out of the charge, Sir, so we haven't been able to locate that yet. Still, we hope—"

"Hope!" snarled the Brigadier, who saw no value in hope as a counter-mine. "And while you're hoping as hard as your idiot heads can do it, some blackguard will touch off this mine, and I'll go sky-high, and in nasty little bits, Sir—infernally nasty, microscopic bits, Sir!"

"We're doing our best," said the Transport Junior. "And, if it's any comfort to you, Sir, we'll be with you as you go up."

The Brigadier gritted his teeth. "Let me tell you, Sir," he shouted, "you will not! I will leave you and your pet explosions and your peaceful billet to detonate to blazes. I, Sir, will go to a place where you messy little earthworms do not imperil officers of responsibility. Call my batman, Sir. Call him instantly."

When the Brigadier had gone off in his pretty car, the Junior Mess, R.E., sat down to the Brigadier's dinner. Phillip presided. He had a newer and even more dazing tunic for the important occasion.

"I was almos' frighten' at the bangs," said M'selle as she fed them with coffee. "But you do it wonnerful."

"Brains," said Phillip modestly. "Brains. A free access to the R.E. store. A few fragments of mild gun-cotton tied to fruit-trees—which, I fear, have suffered from gun-cotton bite; a little digging in a cabbage-patch, a little more gun-cotton; wires to connect up for all explosions; something to make a row like a rush. These are all the things needed to intimidate Brigadiers; but the greatest of These is brains. Fortunately for all junior officers, I have them. Now for 'Bric-à-Brac' and the flowing sparklet."

THE END.



BUT FOR THE WAR, ONE OF THIS YEAR'S DÉBUTANTES: MISS DOROTHY RAPHAEL.

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Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

nerve-grinding noise outside Hades—where, we understand, they are specialists. It was the soul-shattering sound of a great ratchet-wheel going at full bat over the edge of a piece of iron. And this abnormal noise increased. It came rushing at them. It came, it seemed, on top of them. Then, with the crash of crockery broken *carte blanche*, the row ended, and the thickest and most sky-lifting of explosions arose. A reasonable amount of dirt went down the General's collar.

Phillip sat up smiling. "Good practice," he said. "But still a shade off the bull. They'll do better yet."

The Brigadier sat up. He was not smiling—but that may have

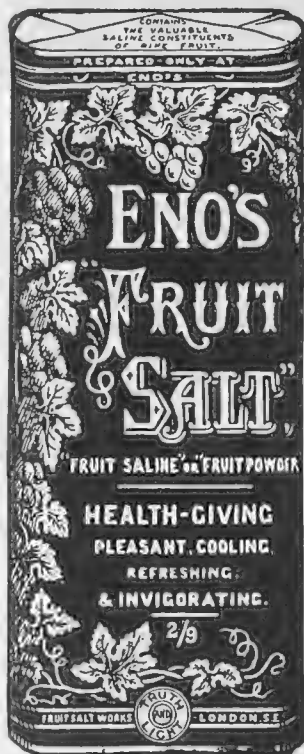


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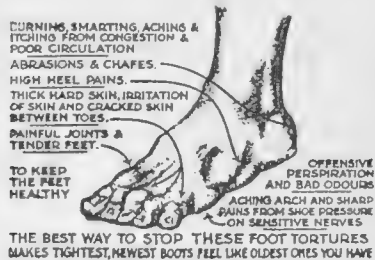
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SOLE MAKER AND INVENTOR:

MAURICE,

43, SOUTH MOLTON ST., BOND ST., W.

"ECIRUAM" Maternity Gowns are perfect. "ECIRUAM" Gowns and Blouses are registered designs—to copy is an infringement.

Imported tyres hurt British Credit

THEY lower the exchange value of the English pound, raise freights, make necessities dearer, and increase our national indebtedness abroad—needlessly.



There are ample supplies of British-made motor tyres available for all purposes; any quantity of Moseley Motor Tyres are ready for immediate delivery.

A REAL NON-SKID AND BRITISH MADE

The Moseley Grooved Motor Tyre is a guaranteed Tyre, and a proved highly efficient non-skid. The tread is an entirely original design based on many years' experience and experiment. By its special construction, the Moseley Grooved Tyre retains its non-skid properties until the tyre is completely worn down.

For full list of prices and particulars of guarantee see Moseley Motor Tyre Catalogue, Post Free.

CYCLISTS: SEND FOR MOSELEY CYCLE AND MOTOR-CYCLE TYRE CATALOGUE, POST FREE.

DAVID MOSELEY & SONS LIMITED, CHAPEL FIELD WORKS, ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.

Also at: London—51 and 52, Aldermanbury; Manchester—2, 4, and 6, New Brown Street; Glasgow—126, Ingram Street; Birmingham—4, Lancaster Street, Corporation Street; Dublin—16, William Street; Newcastle-on-Tyne—44 and 46, High Bridge.

C.W.H.

THE HAIR, TEETH & SKIN

Preserved and Beautified by using Rowland's Toilet Articles.



ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

The best Preserver of the Hair; it is the best tonic and dressing for ladies' hair, and should always be used for children. Also sold in golden colour for fair and golden-haired ladies and children. Sizes, 3/6, 7/-, 10/6.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO

is the finest dentifrice; removes all impurities from the teeth, imparts to them a brilliant polish, prevents and arrests decay, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath. 2/9.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

Allays all irritability of the skin, removes redness, roughness, &c., cures and heals all cutaneous eruptions, imparts a softness and whiteness to the neck, hands, and arms, unattainable by any other means. Sizes, 2/3 and 4/6.

Sold by Stores, Chemists, and ROWLANDS, 67, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

1304



Talking of Brown Boots

"WISH I could wear 'em," said the man in black boots enviously to the man in brown. "But if there's one thing you have to buy good, it's brown boots. Otherwise they are the limit. And I'm no millionaire like you."

"Yes, they must be good," returned the other. "But if they're Delta—as mine are—they needn't be expensive. You'll admit these fit well, and look thoroughly good style. Well then, they cost me one guinea!"

Delta

Agents everywhere
Letters: Lotus Limited, Stafford
Manufacturers of Delta and Lotus Boots

Wilson & Gill

139 & 141 Regent Street
LONDON, W.

BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED
REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES



18-ct. Gold, Enamelled in Colours, Platinised
Silver Serpent. £3 17 6
With Diamond Serpent, £6 10 0



Fine Gold, Platinum and Diamond Brooch.
£4 10 0



18-ct. Gold, Enamelled in Colours, set
Diamonds, £5 10 0
Others from £7 0 0 to £25 0 0

ANY REGIMENTAL OR NAVAL BADGE can be
Reproduced in Gold or Enamel, with or without
Precious Stones, from £3.10.0 to £50.
Sketches and Estimates on Application.

POPE & BRADLEY

Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

A WARNING TO SUBALTERNS.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

I wish to strongly emphasise to inexperienced officers the utter futility of equipping themselves with any but the finest quality khaki that money can buy.

The fatal tendency to endeavour to save a few pounds in the purchase of kit is a most disastrous economy, and has been encouraged by innumerable London and Provincial firms who have no status whatever as military tailors. Second-grade kit is absolutely useless; not only is the appearance, as a rule, execrable in style, but the materials and workmanship are totally unfitted to stand the excessive wear and tear of active service.

If the War Office would standardise the quality of officers' uniforms, we might be spared the spectacle of so many young officers wearing clothes which are not creditable to the dignity of their position.

The House of Pope & Bradley holds the first reputation in London to-day, and regards this reputation at stake over every military garment produced during the war. The prices charged represent the minimum at which uniforms of the best quality can be obtained, and are reasonable because the House is one of the largest buyers.

The following kit incorporates at our lowest prices every essential for an officer on joining his regiment:—

| | | | | | | | | |
|------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----------|
| 2 Tunics at £3 13 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | £7 7 0 |
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| Sam Browne Belt | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 2 12 6 |
| Cap and Badge | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 1 1 0 |
| 4 Shirts | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 2 2 0 |
| 6 Collars | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 0 |
| Tie | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 2 6 |
| Marching Boots | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 2 2 0 |
| Puttees | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 6 |
| Haversack | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 6 |
| Waterbottle | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 6 |
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| Cane | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 6 |
| | | | | | | | | £25 16 6 |

New Naval and Military Kit List of every Service requirement will be forwarded upon application. For the convenience of military customers only, a section of our staff is in attendance on Saturday afternoons until 6 o'clock.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer

says economy is imperative. Yet dim streets demand brighter homes. OSRAM solves the problem. It radiates cheerfulness—while reducing costs. Buy OSRAMS and begin saving to-day.

Osram
DRAWN WIRE
Lamps



The OSRAM-ROBERTSON Lamp Works, Hammersmith, London, W.

FOOT'S ADJUSTABLE REST-CHAIR

The "BURLINGTON."

CAN BE INSTANTLY
CHANGED INTO
A SEMI OR FULL
LENGTH COUCH.

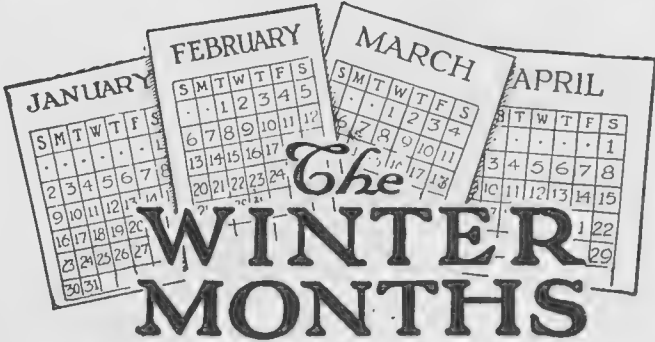
Simply press a button and the back declines or automatically rises to any position. Release the button and the back is instantly locked. The sides open outwards, affording easy access and exit. The Leg Rest is adjustable to various inclinations, and when not in use it slides under the seat.



Automatic
Adjustable
Back.

Catalogue C 13
of Adjustable
Chairs Post Free

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd., 171, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.



The
WINTER
MONTHS

are those which show
the worth of the tyres.

Our winters produce every kind of
road condition, and the tyres that
will give satisfaction under any
conditions of service are

NORTH BRITISH
CLINCHER
THE FIRST DETACHABLE PNEUMATIC TYRE

"ALL PLANTATION" RUBBER
MOTOR TYRES.

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., LTD.,
169, Great Portland Street, LONDON, W.
Factories: Castle Mills, EDINBURGH.

WOMAN'S WAYS

The Simple Life in the Winter Palace.

We are apt to associate the Winter Palace in Petrograd with visions of Oriental splendour, tempered by Parisian taste—and, indeed, balls and ceremonies in that huge edifice used to be magnificent. Nevertheless, the Russian Imperial family have always affected the "simple life" at its simplest, especially in their bedrooms and private sitting-rooms. Lord Redesdale, in his reminiscences of the Russian capital, speaks of the late Emperor Nicholas's bare and soldierly rooms, "two shabby little rooms on the ground floor, no bigger than a subaltern's quarters at Chatham," kept just as they were at the moment of his death—even his one hair-brush and comb being left on the table. A narrow, hard bed, a writing-table, sufficed for the Autocrat of All the Russias. In this Spartan apartment the Tsar saw Ambassadors and Ministers of State. If they had to wait, it was in a bare little room adjoining. When I visited the Winter Palace some years ago, the rooms of the murdered Tsar Alexander, the liberator of the serfs, were kept intact, just as he left them to take that fatal drive in his sleigh. They were not quite so bare as those of his father, but eminently homely and middle-class Victorian. The sitting-room, with its rep furniture, maroon tablecloth, tartan blotting-book, and lustre ornaments, would have served as the scene of one of Mr. Granville Barker's plays. The bed-room of the present Tsar, when he was Tsarevitch, was a dark kennel off a dark passage; the sordid furniture would not suffice for an English footman nowadays, if such a domestic is to be found.

Puppets and Players.

"Maria Marten, or the Red Barn" was the theatrical success of one London week, and most of the audience would have liked a great deal more of Mr. Clunn Lewis and his puppet-show. It was a kindly thought of Miss Isabel Hearne to organise a London benefit for this Prince of Showmen. A highly intellectual and modish audience attended, and if these puppet-plays are to be revived into lasting popularity, it will be by making efforts in country places. There is something irresistibly appealing—as well as a trifle sinister—about these two-hundred-years-old marionettes. Great and famous and beautiful actors and actresses strut their little hour, and pass away like leaves in the wind; but the wooden dolls remain. Jerked by a master-hand, they can go on indefinitely performing their tragi-comedy. Perhaps, after all, they are the greatest satire on human passions and actions which has ever been perpetrated. The most disquieting thing about them is that their little faces have a perpetual surprised grin. Famous comedians always adore marionettes; they recognise them at once as humble fellow-artists.

The Professional Classes and Disaster.

We are all, I hope, patriotic; but it is only human not to want to have the bread snatched out of our mouths. The butter has already been appropriated, and it is a question now how much more squeezing the professional classes can stand. Whenever a new tax is proposed, someone gets up and shouts through a megaphone that it "can't be done." Everybody is for economy, but always at someone else's expense. But the Treasury should certainly consider the hard case of hard-working gentlefolk, who are in process of being ground out of existence by taxes and high prices.—ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"THE BASKER" has reached and passed its fiftieth performance, so the critics were invited to the St. James's for a second view of the comedy by Mrs. Clifford Mills. Some may pretend that it is not exactly the kind of play that the "old bird" wants to see twice; no doubt, there is something in the contention, since the work is not one of those whose qualities cannot be appreciated by attendance at one performance. Some plays, we know, are almost inexhaustible, with the result that one never grows tired of them, but the light, artificial comedy puts all its goods in the front window. "The Basker" lives mainly because it gives a rich acting part to one of our most popular players; there are crowds of people in London who would be grieved at missing Sir George Alexander in such a character as George de Lacorfe, the lazy nobleman who basks pleasantly until he wakes up in the last act, then becomes frightfully strenuous; and throughout Sir George charms the house by his performance. Fortunately, he is very well supported by pretty Miss Marie Hemingway, one of the most delightful of our younger actresses, who represents the girl with whom the basker falls in love; also by Miss Ellen O'Malley—an artist of fine accomplishment, whose rôle in the play seems hardly good enough for her. Miss Hilda Moore presents the wicked lady in the piece quite cleverly. How curiously persistent are the traditions by which a brunette is chosen for the female villain, just as if the angels were recruited exclusively from among the blondes; the matter really deserves consideration and research—possibly in some obscure way the tradition is traceable to the famous "Non Angli sed Angeli." And there is Mr. Leon Quartermaine, who made quite a hit as the valet; and Miss Genevieve Ward, a famous representative of the old school, who causes much laughter by her vigorous portrait of the Duchess of Cheviot.

"A Little Bit of Fluff" has got as far as a century and a half, and a bit farther, and is likely to cause roars of laughter for many moons to come. No doubt, Mr. Walter Ellis's work is not farce of the highest class, but it is a clever bit of lively nonsense where absurdities are ingeniously piled one on another till the audience, oblivious of common-sense, forgets everything but laughter. One might wish it to be a trifle more discreet, and that the third act were rather shorter; but such matters do not affect its popularity in the least. One has to recognise the fact that houses of entertainment grow more and more indiscreet, and the public seems undisturbed. I suppose that the conscientious objector stays away. However, in saying this I am not suggesting there is anything objectionable in the funny play that carries on the original traditions of the Criterion Theatre, forgetful of an intermediate period when it became a sober home of comedy. There is some fine acting in the piece, notably the droll performance by Mr. Ernest Thesiger as the good young man who gets into horrible difficulties through weakness of will; and by Miss Ruby Miller, who gives a very lively performance as an extremely saucy young lady. Miss Marjorie Maxwell acts agreeably; and there is an excellent piece of work by Mr. Alfred Drayton.



IN A "VICTORIA CROSS" FILM-PLAY: MISS HETTY PAYNE.

Miss Hetty Payne recently took a leading part in a film-play called "Paula," by Victoria Cross. She has another important cinema engagement in hand.

Photo. by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



A BRITISH OFFICER IN THE FRENCH ARMY AWARDED THE MÉDAILLE MILITAIRE: LIEUT.

VAUGHAN (WITH HIS WIFE) RECOVERING FROM HIS WOUNDS AT NICE.

Lieutenant Vaughan, who is related to the Earl of Lisburne, is said to be the first British member of the regular French Army and the first British recipient of the Médaille Militaire. He has also received the War Cross of the 1st Class. Being in France when war broke out, he enlisted in the 12th French Dragoons, of which his wife's uncle was Colonel, while Mrs. Vaughan became a Red Cross nurse. He is now recovering from a serious wound.

Photograph by Simon.

Peter Robinson's

OXFORD STREET . . W

The New Tailor Suits

THIS advertisement is to announce the Advance Showing of Spring Suits which is now proceeding at our Oxford Street House. The assortment we have provided affords a remarkably wide choice of garments which are both distinctive in style and moderate in price. We illustrate just one example of the new Models.



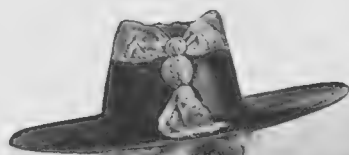
The "SUNSHINE"

New Spring Suit in best quality navy and black Aberdare Cord, trimmed fine Silk Braid, finished Beaded Waistcoat. Coat, lined best Satin Duchesse - - 8½ gns.



The Right time and place to buy SILKS

THE right time to buy Silks is NOW, and the right place to buy them, PETER ROBINSON'S. There is a two-fold reason for this. Firstly, the Unmatched Variety of New Weaves which, despite trading difficulties, Peter Robinson's have succeeded in providing for your inspection; secondly, the Lower Prices which are only possible in a house like this doing an enormous Silk business. You cannot make a mistake in going to Peter Robinson's when you need Silks. Why not send TO-DAY for patterns of their new Spring goods? All you need do is to write a post-card to Peter Robinson Ltd., Oxford Street, London, W., requesting patterns of the particular kinds of Silks you wish to see, and they will forward a full range gratis and post free by return.



GRACEFUL BLACK
TAFFETA HAT with
beige moire ribbon crown,
and bead ornament in front.
4 Gns.

DEBENHAM
& FREEBODY
Wigmore St., Cavendish
Square, London, West.

VEN-YUSA

The Oxygen Face Cream

MAKES Your SKIN More BEAUTIFUL.

AN attractive appearance wins admiration. In social life and in business the lady whose face and hands show evidence of constant care always enjoys an advantage over the woman who does not realise the value of a healthy skin and spotless complexion. It is justifiable, then, for every lady to enlist the aid of Ven-Yusa, the new oxygen "wonder-cream," to render herself more attractive and her skin more beautiful.

Ven-Yusa has a distinct and definite mission as part of a lady's toilet. By means of its natural Oxygen properties, Ven-Yusa exercises a real vitalising and purifying action on the skin and preserves the soft, healthy bloom of Nature in a conspicuous way.

The benefit from Ven-Yusa is felt in the skin as well as on it. The result of using it regularly is a continual feeling of freshness and a consciousness that the skin and complexion show that clear, healthy lustre and beautiful softness which every lady covets.



FREE Send your name and address, and two penny stamps (for packing and postage) to C. E. Fulford Ltd., Leeds, who in return will post you a dainty free trial jar of Ven-Yusa, the Oxygen "wonder-cream." Fullsize jars 1/-, from chemists, etc.



THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

The Daughter of a Great Hostess.

The new Vicereine of India has been, since her girlhood, accustomed to great entertaining. Her mother, the eldest daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, had viceregal traditions, for her father was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and her mother was a daughter of the third Marquess of Londonderry. Cornelia Lady Wimborne was the wife of a very rich man, and in Wimborne House had an excellent setting for great parties. In late-Victorian and early-Edwardian days, it was considered to be one of the most exclusive and brilliant centres of hospitality in London. Its mistress, a remarkably clever and capable lady, looked as she is, a great hostess. The Duke of Marlborough and the Duke of Roxburghe are her nephews. Her sisters were all of the smartest set in London, and Wimborne House balls were great events. Then came the great Free Food dispute, which carried the Wimborne social influence into the Radical camp. There was something like amazement in Society over the guests at the first Wimborne House Free Food banquet. The great lady was just as great in her receptions for the Radical party as before. Now she has a daughter and a son as Vicereine of India and Viceroy of Ireland, while she is busied with the relief of Serbia. Lady Chelmsford has two daughters old enough to help her with her social duties, and two still children. Her elder boy is in the R.F.A., and the second still at school. That the Free Food split was also a family one in politics is proved by the fact that Viscount Ridley, whose death is so greatly deplored,

married Cornelia Lady Wimborne's youngest daughter, and they were together in championing Tariff Reform!

Conservatives in Costume.

Our Royal ladies refuse to be led by the vagaries of fashion, and are never in extremes. Once upon a time a lady well known in novelist circles, who greatly feared a revival of the crinoline, wrote to Queen Alexandra, beseeching her Majesty to pronounce against this ugly and inconvenient fashion. A courteous reply was received, to the effect that H.R.H. the Princess of Wales regretted being unable to comply with the request, but could express no opinion on the matter in question. Queen Alexandra is a lady who has achieved the impossible in dress. She has always looked smart and just right, and has never been in the van of fashion. It has been her life-long custom to dress to suit herself. In this her example has been followed by her daughters and by the Queen, her daughter-in-law. An enterprising modiste who ventured to tell Queen Alexandra that a dress she was making for her was *démodé*, received for answer: "How perfectly dreadful! Never mind, I will risk it. I do not believe I shall be hooted!" Princess Arthur of Connaught is a lover of smart frocks, but conforms to our Royal family rule of no extremes, and always looks charming.

bounds. Very smart are the Russian hats made of dull black straw, with great clusters of black ospreys springing right out of the centre of the crown. Ospreys may have to be replaced with less expensive things, which will be a war-time economy. Russian coats we have already with us; and very nice they are. As the milder weather comes, they will be of lighter fabric and trimmed with swansdown instead of fur. Top-boots made a tentative entry, but have now retired to the stage—if that can be called retirement which is most conspicuous! They are not comfortable to walk in, and, unless very beautifully made and put on most carefully, they are unbecoming; also, there is a sporty flavour about them only in harmony with dogs and horses.

As Others See Us.

If only some of the ladies who have enthusiastically adopted short, bunched-out skirts for the street could see themselves as they are seen, they would rush home and get their maids to sew them some frills on and take some stiffening out. Some of them look such funny little swaying bells, on neat little feet off which their skirts seem almost to swing them. Others have not got so far as to have their skirts bunched out, and they show a bowing of legs that is rather nice for a cavalryman, but not for a dainty lady. The general effect of these short, bunched skirts is to make women look much smaller than they are, and may, perhaps, cause a return of the reign of the pocket Venus!

Smart, Neat, Efficient.

These are the attributes we all value in this time of out-in-all-weather war-work. In clothes they are all ensured by the Aquascutum Company, 100, Regent Street. They have years of experience behind them, resulting in a world-wide reputation. The Aquascutum materials are the best of their kind, and absolutely rain-proof. The cutters are also the best of their kind, and the lines of the latest fashions are closely observed and followed. This is seen in the costume of which we give a picture, for the skirt is wide and flowing, while it preserves the neatness of tailor-cut. The material is dark-brown tweed; the collar, velvet; and the buttons, velvet-centred. The lines are long and graceful. A new fabric called Shantung oil silk is simply splendid. It is as impenetrable by wet as a seaman's oilskins, and much softer, and is very smart in appearance, while it is very strong. It is light, and the colour of natural Shantung is very fascinating. A coat that ladies who are driving motor-cars will appreciate is made of the same material as trench-coats for officers, and is quite the best thing for the purpose I have seen. A smart, business-like, and very useful coat is cut on cape lines, very full and circular as to skirt. There is a double collar, which can be worn up or down, and there is a wide, loose belt. The models are all new; while their efficiency against wet, wind, or snow is perfect.



Robertson

THE NEW "BUSTLE" EFFECT.

A charming evening frock made of shell-pink tulle and pink-and-silver shot-taffeta, showing the fashionable bustle effect. The roses are of pink-and-silver tissue.

THE REVIVAL OF THE STOCK.

The blue-and-white spotted stock and collar of white organdy bring this model, of dark-blue gros-grain silk and string-coloured faced cloth, right up to date.

Up-Top Russia.

That we shall have still more decided Russian influence in our clothes this year is as certain as that our admiration for our big Northern brother knows no

In our Issue of Feb. 23, we inadvertently omitted to state that the photographs of Miss Marjorie Moore and Miss Margery Sargent, on pages 6 and 7 of our Supplement, were by Mr. Malcolm Arbuthnot.

HALF YOUR COAL FREE

HEAT MAGNIFIED 100%.

60% OF COAL SAVED

The call for National Economy has resulted in over 50,000 English Homes using the two articles which are revolutionising the lighting and running of fires. By far the greatest improvements in the great fuel question are:-

1. The Patent Coal Mantle, costing 4/3.
2. The Permanent Firelighter, costing 1/-

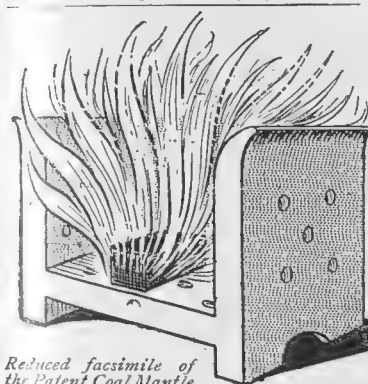
the former saving 60 per cent. of coal and giving out 100 per cent. more heat, and the latter lighting fire after fire, without wood or paper, at the cost of one-eighth of a penny per fire; and it does not wear out until hundreds of fires have been lit.

FIGURES THAT TELL.

An interesting series of experiments have been made with the Coal Mantles in five separate grates selected for one test, and by using the ordinary means, it was found that the average daily consumption of coal per grate was 26 lb. On the introduction of the Patent Coal Mantle, the 5 fires were laid in the new way and tested for six days. It was then discovered that the coal consumption was reduced to the interesting average of 12 lb. 5 ozs.

COST SAVED IN A FEW FIRES.

Assuming coal to cost 30s. per ton, the adoption of the Patent Coal Mantle means a direct saving of 18s. per ton, and by using this simple contrivance you can permanently make half-tons of coal go farther than tons, and the Permanent Firelighter does away with constant expense of Buying Firewood.



Reduced facsimile of the Patent Coal Mantle and Permanent Firelighter, showing the Mantle ready to receive and light coal.

IMPROVED APPEARANCE OF FIRE.

CHEMICAL TREATMENT ABOLISHED.

SUITABLE FOR EVERY FIRE GRATE.

Every householder should adopt the Patent Coal Mantle System—

BECAUSE it needs only kitchen cobbles, producing a glorious bright fire with more heat than from fuel costing 5s. to 10s. a ton more.

BECAUSE it uses less than half the ordinary amount of coal.

BECAUSE it burns COKE or SLACK in the heart of the fire at one-third of the cost of coal by a method of internal combustion, causing a steady glow and continual stream of heat without fumes.

BECAUSE the white-hot glow of the Patent Coal Mantle gives a greatly magnified heat with no extra COST.

BECAUSE it stores heat, which it gives off hours after an ordinary fire is dead cold, lasting all night, and keeping warm till the following morning.

BECAUSE Coal is entirely consumed, leaving a beautifully silky medium, which will supply all your knife, brass, and other polishing materials Free of Cost and indefinitely.

SOME PROMINENT CLIENTS.

We have had the honour of supplying the following distinguished clients:-

The Royal Automobile Club, Brooks' Club, Union Club, H.M. Board of Works, Egyptian Government Offices.

The Countess of Cottenham, Countess of Tankerville, the Dowager Lady Lamington, Lady Roberts, Lady Shelford, Lady Dawkins, Lady Paunceforte, Lady Fane, Lady Lambert, Lady Bradford, Lady Nicholson.



YOU USE 1 scuttle instead of 2.

FACTS TO OBSERVE.

Fires on the Patent Coal Mantle System need no poking or stirring. There are, therefore, no breakages. The usual coal bricks and cast-iron false bottoms suffer sadly when the fire is poked, besides being unsightly.

PRICE REDUCED FROM 5/- to 4/3

We want every householder to adopt this splendid invention, and as a special inducement to those who first become users of the Patent Coal Mantle for coal fires, we have reduced the price from 5s. to 4s. 3d. for the present, but, owing to labour scarcity, the price may have to be raised in the next few weeks.

ACTS PERFECTLY IN ALL GRATES (Well-Fires, Hearth-Fires, Basket-Fires, and Ordinary Fireplaces) which have a depth (front to back) of 5 1/2 inches. **SPLENDID FOR KITCHENERS.**

TEST IT FOR YOURSELF.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

We will send one Mantle and one Firelighter on trial for 5s., packed and free on rail, and will willingly refund the money to those who are not satisfied if they return the Mantle within three days. If you can use more than one Mantle and Firelighter, and wish to be certain of the present reduced prices, **WE WILL EXTEND OUR OFFER** (owing to the saving in packing and labour) so that you can have two Mantles and two Firelighters on trial for 9s. 6d. (packed and free on rail), or three of each for 13s. 9d. (packed and free on rail). Each Patent Coal Mantle and Permanent Firelighter saves its cost in a few days, producing beautiful, brilliant fires, and then continues day by day to reduce your coal bills by at least one-half, and to double the heat of your fire.

Commence "COAL ECONOMY ON PLEASANT LINES" at once, and send your orders and remittances to Secretary,

THE PATENT COAL MANTLE CO. (Dept. 22),

1, Albemarle Street (one door from Piccadilly), London, W.

The Mantles and Permanent Firelighters can be seen in operation in Rooms 9, 10, 11, 12, on 1st Floor, at above address, and full instructions are given Free with each Mantle.

FIREWOOD ABOLISHED

No need to buy any more bundles of wood to light fires. Over £10,000,000 a year will be saved by the Nation when our system is fully adopted—sufficient to pay the interest on over £200,000,000 War Loan. **The Permanent Firelighter. A Simple, Everlasting Appliance, Which Does Away with the Trouble and Expense of Buying Firewood.**

This wonderful little appliance will enable you still further to solve difficulties of your fuel question. The ever-increasing scarcity of wood is continually causing an advance in price, which is likely to become more serious day by day.

The Permanent Firelighter is such a simple invention, which has arisen from our expert knowledge of household fires through the many thousands of Coal Mantles we sell weekly.

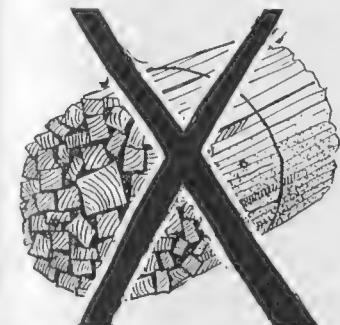
It is an everlasting firelighter, costing only 1/-, and it saves its cost in a few fires.

We advise you to avail yourself of the combined purchase, at a reduced price, of the Mantles and Firelighters as above, but the Permanent Firelighters can be purchased separately at 1/- each (post free 1/4), or 3 post free for 3/5, or 6 post free 5/6 for the present, but owing to scarcity of material the price may have to be raised next week.

The "Permanent Firelighter" can be used with or without the Coal Mantles. No Wood or Paper is needed to light a fire. Address your orders to

THE PATENT COAL MANTLE CO. (Dept. 22), 1, Albemarle Street, (one door from Piccadilly), W., where the Patent Coal Mantles and Permanent Firelighters can be seen in operation.

URGENT ADVICE. The enormous demand for Munition Labour in the Birmingham Fire-Clay district, where the above goods are made, has nearly trebled the cost, and it is advisable to secure them at once to be certain of the above prices.—P.C.M. Co., 26th Feb., 1916.



The Permanent Firelighter Abolishes Firewood.

DISTINCTIVE STYLES IN SPORTS COATS

JAYS LTD. are showing a large variety of Knitted Silk and Wool Coats in the latest fashionable shapes and shades suitable for all kinds of Sports and indoor and outdoor wear

There is at present a marked demand for Knitted Coats suitable for indoor wear similar to the garment illustrated



Jays Ltd
REGENT STREET W.

A new idea in Sports Coats. The garment is quite transparent, being made from very thin Wool. It is stocked in all the fashionable colourings - - - **42/-**

CATALOGUE POST FREE

WOOL HOSE FOR GOLF OR SHOOTING

The fashion for short, wide skirts necessitates the wearing of smart Hosiery. Jays' are now offering the latest thing in Heavy Wool Hose in mixed checks for Golf or Shooting **per pair 8/6**

DAINTY LINGERIE

copied from an exclusive Paris model, and made by our own highly skilled English and Belgian workers

Nightdress, in thick soft triple nixon, with deep yoke of double material, edged with Valenciennes insertion. With the new Greek sleeve, finished ribbon bows. In sky, champagne, white, and flesh pink

39/6

Also in our well-known pure Silk English Crêpe-de-Chine **49/6**

New Cap in Greek style, **18/9**

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street, (Covendish Square) London, W.

Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality, for Value



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

A WILL-O'-THE-WISP: PHANTOM MILLIONS: THE TRADE MOTOR.

Where is the
"Pleasure"
Motoring?

All of us are for advocating economy nowadays, and it is not a bad thing in itself that there should exist a central organisation, under the name of the National Organising Committee for War Savings, to remind us from time to time of the ways in which extravagance can be avoided. So far, however, this anonymous body has not done much in the way of warnings; while the deliverance to which it has lately given birth on the alleged sins of motorists is so loosely and infelicitously worded that the effect of any further efforts will have been materially discounted in advance. At the very time when scores of thousands of wounded soldiers have cause to bless the motor-car for transport from quayside or railway station to hospital, or for healthful rides into the country during convalescence; at the time, too, when the motor-car is proving invaluable and indispensable to legions of busy men, whether in the Services or engaged in businesses which maintain the financial resources of the country during the most expensive war ever waged in the history of the world—the Committee in question tells us that "millions of money" might be saved by the suppression of all the agencies that are bound up with the shipping and dock-handling of oil and rubber, the maintenance of garages and shops, the employment of chauffeurs, and the manufacture and sale of tyres.

Where are the
Millions?

capital of British manufacturing companies and the sale of petrol. As to the companies, it need only be pointed out that they are all engaged on munition work, and what we have to consider, therefore, is the extent of the use of cars bought before the war. As for the sale of petrol, the major portion of what is brought over while the war is on is required by the Army or for vehicles used for public service and commercial purposes. Against the vast quantities thus absorbed, the amount of motor-spirit bought by private owners is relatively small; but when we come to consider the fact that nearly every touring-car is devoted to official, philanthropic, or necessary business use, the residue of avoidable expenditure on pleasure motoring is all but *nil*. If we consider items that loom less largely in the bulk, such as tyres, it may be pointed out that the Army takes huge consignments of these, and that the leading factories are under Government control. Tyres have to be bought for private cars, of course, but the majority of those which are not laid

up indefinitely are devoted to useful or benevolent purposes. Garages remain open, but their staffs have been so largely depleted by enlistments and munition work that there are not enough men left for the repair of officers' and business cars.

A False Alarm. "Pleasure" motoring, as understood before the war, is simply defunct; in many cases motorists have had to give up the use of their cars altogether. Now a car that is laid by is a dead loss to the country. The Exchequer loses the engine tax and the petrol tax.

It is not easy to see how the country would benefit by the suppression of private motoring. The only question, in fact, which is important in connection with the use of motor-cars is the extent to which we are indebted to America for our petrol supply, and its effect upon the exchange. But even here the position is nothing if not satisfactory. Despite the huge sums that have poured into American coffers for munitions, motor-lorries, and petrol, the exchange is practically normal, and Mr. McKenna himself has just stated that British credit is, and will remain, absolutely sound. Why, therefore, this plaint about pleasure motoring when every car-owner, who is a heavy tax-payer both as an individual and as a motorist, is doing everything

he can to cut down his expenses and reduce the use of his car to the necessary minimum?

How Progress is Thwarted. Every student of industrial history will have read of the labour riots that were common in the bygone days when hand labour was superseded in

various trades by machinery. Nowadays, it would appear, though opposition to machinery as such is a thing of the past, trade unionism has invented a form of tyranny that is more subtle and more effectual. At a recent meeting of the Greenock Chamber of Commerce, it was stated by Mr. R. Kerr, a sugar-refiner, that the quantity of cargo discharged at the docks was only half of the output of a few years ago. Motor-lorries engaged in the conveyance of raw sugar from ship to refinery were not allowed to make more runs per day than horsed vehicles! Tyranny of this kind, it is obvious, if universally adopted throughout the country, would strike a death-blow at the development of the commercial motor. A

motor-lorry is not superior to a horsed lorry in size, but in speed and tirelessness; and if merchants or others who have laid out capital on a motor fleet are to be prevented from using them to good effect, the *raison d'être* of mechanical locomotion will be destroyed forthwith.



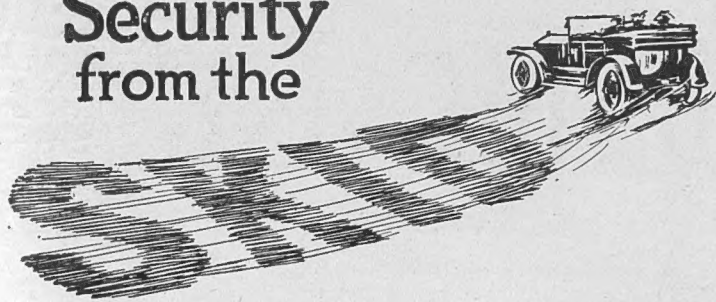
A USEFUL NOVELTY IN ARMY EQUIPMENT: A DIVISIONAL MOTOR-OFFICE, PRESENTED TO THE WELSH ARMY CORPS BY SIR ALFRED MOND. This fine vehicle is an office on wheels that can follow a Division on field service and form a central depot for clerical work, printing and telephone instructions. It has two compartments and is fully equipped with appliances for these purposes, modern office requisites, and an electric-light installation. The body, of unique design, is fitted on a British Ensign 3-ton chassis. The car was built by Messrs. Edward Arnott and Harrison, Automobile Engineers, of South Kensington, and Messrs. Harris and Others, Ltd., Motor Carriage Builders, of Clapham.



A PEER AND HIS SON AS SPECIAL CONSTABLES OF WOKINGHAM: THE MARQUESS OF DOWNSHIRE (LEFT) AND LORD HILLSBOROUGH.

The Marquess of Downshire was born in 1871, and succeeded in 1874. He is Hereditary Constable of Hillsborough Fort and High Steward of Wokingham. His elder son, the Earl of Hillsborough, was born in 1894; he was educated at Eton, and holds a commission in the Berkshire Yeomanry.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]

Security from the



NOW is the time when roads are at their worst, and likely to remain so for some weeks. The best-handled car has to face every minute the danger of skidding.

Of all devices yet introduced, simple or elaborate, to combat the evil, none is so effective as to

Fit diagonally

Wood-Milne

'SPECIAL' ALL-RUBBER NON-SKID TYRES. 'STEEL STUDDED' NON-SKID TYRES,

Guaranteed 3,500 Miles.

WOOD-MILNE, LTD., PRESTON.

LONDON: MANCHESTER AVENUE, E.C.

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BRISTOL, BELFAST, GLASGOW, BIRMINGHAM, DUBLIN, LEEDS, MANCHESTER.

M 528



RESTAURANT BLOUSES.

A copy of an exclusive Paris Model, entirely hand-made in our own Work-rooms in best quality Black Ninon, lightly embroidered in gold, lined with white ninon and interlined with Silk Tulle, Embroidered in gold spots, with fine lace collar and jabot; altogether a particularly handsome Blouse.

5½ Gns.

Stocked also in extra-large sizes at the same price.

Catalogue post free.

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Wigmore Street, (Cavendish Square) London, W.

Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality for Value

SESSEL PEARLS

SESSEL PEARLS are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of genuine Oriental Pearls.

Brochure No. 1 on request, post free.



Beautiful Necklet of SESSEL Pearls, in fitted case, with 18-ct. gold clasp.

£4 4s. 0d.

Real Diamond Clasps with SESSEL Pearl, Emerald, Sapphire, or Ruby centre, from

£2 2s. 0d.

SESSEL Pearl Ear-rings, Studs, Scarf-Pins, Rings with Solid Gold mountings, from

£1 10s. 0d.

Old Gold, Silver, Diamonds, etc., taken in exchange or purchased for cash.

SESSEL (BOURNE) LTD., 14 & 14a, New Bond St., London, W. (Directly opposite Asprey's)



THERE will be but few cars traversing shire and county this Spring. But the early months of 1917 will probably witness a 'boom' in motoring—and almost certainly a 'boom' in Arrol-Johnston Cars.



Arrol-Johnston



NATURE'S WAY

Oatine cleanses Nature's way. It removes accumulations of dust and dirt from the pores that soap and water cannot reach. It brings the perfect beauty of health to the plainest face, and banishes wrinkles. Give Nature a chance to make you beautiful. Get a jar to-day.

In white jars, 1/1½ & 2/3. Ask for—

Oatine FACE CREAM

GET IT AT YOUR CHEMISTS.

The Whisky for Connoisseurs

TUCKEY'S

Ten Years Old

Pure Malt Whisky
per 51/- doz.

Case Free and Carriage Paid. Soft, Mellow, Old Pot Still Scotch Whisky. Sample Bottle, post free, 4/9

The "Lancet" says: "It is well adapted for dietetic purposes owing to its purity and quality."

Chas. Tuckey & Co., Ltd., (Dept. W.), 3, Mincing Lane, E.C.



MAJOR RICHARDSON'S

SENTRY DOGS (Airedales), as supplied Army in France, 5 gns. POLICE DOGS (Airedales), for house and personal guards, 5 gns.; pups, 2 gns. BLOODHOUNDS from 20 gns.; pups, 5 gns. ABERDEEN, SCOTCH, FOX, IRISH TERRIERS, 5 gns.; pups, 2 gns. GROVE END, HARROW, Tel. 423



BEAUTY BY POST.

When a little pale, use

CRÈME ROSE-EUGÉNIE

Quite harmless and undetectable, unaffected by rain or hot weather. Keeps the skin elastic. Post Free, 3/- per glass jar, from (Dept. SK), The Baldwin Manufacturing Co., 95, Wigmore Street, London, W.



CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Moll Davis."

BY BERNARD CAPES.
(George Allen and Unwin.)

With "Moll Davis" Mr. Bernard Capes' fancy has been drawn to a corner of Whitehall—that wonderful palace of the Restoration where men and women toyed with passions as unbridled as those of a Racine play, in rooms as stately as his verse. It merely deals with a small affair of my Lord Chesterfield's, who inhabited a suite in the palace with his young wife. She was a daughter of the Duke of Ormonde, "conventionally bred, of the sweetest looks and innocence," and quite unaware that her lord's choice and marriage were a question of Court politics, that had nothing to do with love of her. So Mr. Capes establishes that hoary situation of romance where marriage, begun *à convenance*, tends, through misconception and estrangement, to develop into a piquant honeymoon. Two pleasant rogues, a masculine and feminine, have fingers in the pie, and pull out plums by means of a highly ingenious scheme. That a good-looking young couple, he indifferent, she outraged and reproachful, should reach a point of quarrel where each vows never to be the first to break silence towards the other; and should be thus saddled with a terrible guest whom each believes the other has invited, is of the true vein of comedy. The adroit, witty intrigue of it is Restoration all through. Moll herself, the feminine rogue, "the mischief" of the piece (who, later, played her own little brilliant part on the stage of Drury Lane, and whose fame has come down to this day), never acted better than as the unwelcome guest of my Lord Chesterfield or his Countess, in those difficult moments when, between the two of them, observing their vow of mutual silence, but relieving it by wordy outbursts, directed through herself, Moll was hard put to. Mr. Capes carries it off very well, and asserts his really original mind by creating his Royal lover out of brother James, when Charles, in his own palace, was certainly on the spot for the part.



THE "DUNBLANE" COSTUME, MADE BY THE AQUASCUTUM COMPANY, 100, REGENT STREET, IN THEIR OWN CLOTH, TWEEDS, ETC.
(See "Woman About Town" Page.)

"Love at Second Sight."

BY ADA LEVERSON.
(Grant Richards.)

A poor tale, amusingly told, is Mrs. Leverson's "Love at Second Sight." To begin with, the fatuous and irritating husband who embarked on two solemn elopements is difficult of belief, even though proceeding from that mysterious region alluded to as the F.O. The first elopement was with a chit of an art student, which his wife forgave, though much tempted at the time by a desirable lover of her own. The second, with a mature and very silly adventuress of fifty, his wife accepted with a thankful realisation of her own freedom and the faithful lover still awaiting his chance. None can wonder at her attitude, though a wise old Italian song-writer did put it down to the war—that inevitable refrain of inefficient tradesmen. "C'est la guerre," he said; "people are reckless." But the woman who could complacently cling to Bruce Ottley with his migraines, his vanities, his contemptible refusal to fight, and his two elopements, is yet to be born. It is not the emotions that will be shaken by "Love at Second Sight"; Mrs. Leverson is too busy being bright and entertaining for deeper game. The people who live in little houses in Sloane Street; the people who go to "distinguished" little dinners there; the social cream of the upper middle, and a dash of prosperous Bohemian for piquancy and staccato French—this is the business on hand; all very gay and inconsequent, like charming chatter that asks for little application in the listening. Discussion on optimism and pessimism that begins by defining the optimist as a person who doesn't care what happens as long as it does not happen to him, and a pessimist as the person who lives with him, and ends by the remark that an optimist looks after the eyes, and a pessimist after the feet, may not be exhaustive, but it is not exhausting. It is quite good dinner conversation. And, then, after dinner they sing "threatening songs," such as "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby," or defiant, teetotal melodies, like "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes."

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Moods and Memories. Mark Hyam. 2s.
(Allen and Unwin.)
The Turn of the Tide. Arnold F. Graves. 1s.
net. (Murray.)
Nelson's History of the War, Vol. X. John
Buchan. (Nelson.)
Domestic Life in Rumania. Dorothea Kirke.
5s. net. (The Bodley Head.)
Vive La France. Alexander Powell. 3s. 6d. net
(Heinemann.)
The "Home Notes" Knitting Book. Edited
by Isobel. 1s. net. (Pearson.)
Dostoevsky: His Life and Literary Activity.
E. Soloviev. 5s. net. (Allen.)
The Soul of a Crown Prince. T. W. H. Crosland.
1s. net. (Werner Laurie.)
A Vision of Consolation. Evelyn Simms. 1s.
net. (Martin Secker.)
Peeps into the Psychic World. M. MacDermot
Crawford. 3s. 6d. net. (Nash.)

FICTION.

As It Chanced. H. B. Marriott Watson. 6s.
(Methuen.)
The Vanished Messenger. E. Phillips Oppen-
heim. 6s. (Methuen.)
David Penstephen. Richard Pryce. 6s.
(Methuen.)
Love by an Indian River. F. E. Penny.
(Chatto and Windus.)
Nurse. Alice and Claude Askew. 2s. net.
(Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Idyl of Twin Fires. Walter Prichard Eaton.
6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Border of Blades. Captain Bedford Foran.
2s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Mist Pool. Cecil Adair. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)
The Road that Bends. Ruby M. Ayres. 6s.
(Cassell.)
The Bars of Iron. Ethel M. Dell. 6s.
(Hutchinson.)
Unrest. Warwick Deeping. 6s. (Cassell.)



Our Green Book of Damasks sent free to intending customers. Price list and cuttings post free upon request.

Pure Linen

as made from carefully selected flax yarns on Robinson & Cleaver's looms in Ireland will give surprisingly long wear without losing its original whiteness. Examples:—

TABLE CLOTHS.—No. G. 744 (as illus.)
Superfine Double Damask Table
Cloths, suitable for either a round or square
table. Pattern: Vine; Circular Design. Size:
2 by 2 yds., 22/6; 2 by 2½ yds., 28/2; 2 by 3 yds.,
33/9; 2½ by 3 yds., 49/-; 2½ by 3½ yds., 57/2
each. Dinner Napkins to match, size ¾ by
¾ yd., 58/- per dozen.

BED LINEN.—Linen Sheets, size: 2 by 3
yds., 18/-; 2 by 3½ yds., 21/-; 2½ by 3 yds.,
22/10; 2½ by 3½ yds., 26/7 pair. Linen Pil-
low Cases, size, 20 by 30 ins., 20/- per dozen.

Robinson & Cleaver
LONDON 38N. Drnegall Place LIVERPOOL
BELFAST

DALY'S The George Edwardes Production BETTY
EVENINGS at 8. MATS. WEDS., THURS., and SATS. at 2. 341st Performance.
Winifred Barnes, Gabrielle Ray, Lauri de Frest, Donald Calthrop, C. M. Lowne.
and G. P. HUNTLEY. Box Office, 10 to 10. Telephone, Gerrard 201.

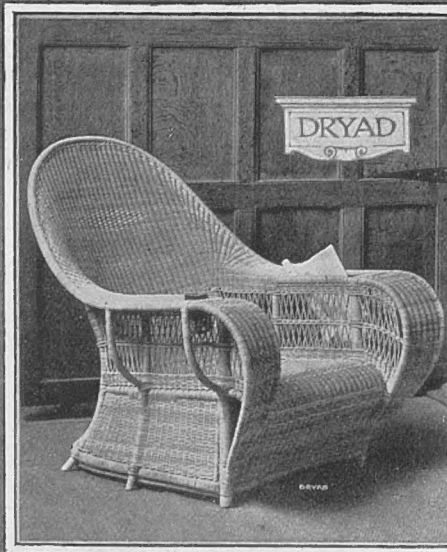
STRAND THEATRE. MATHESON LANG
in his Great Production,
"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."
Matinee every Tuesday and Saturday at 2.30.
"The finest production since the days of Sir Henry Irving."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

EMPIRE THEATRE. "FOLLOW THE CROWD."
EVERY EVENING at 8.
ETHEL LEVEY, ROBERT HALE, JOSEPH COYNE.
Fay Compton, Blanche Tomlin, V. Englefield, Tom Walls, Roy Royston, L. Ceballos,
Charles Stone. Matinee, Saturdays 2.15.

PALLADIUM, Managing Director, Mr. CHARLES GULLIVER,
Always the best Variety Entertainment in London. Three Performances Daily, 2.30,
6.10, 9.0. Programme for next week: Revue—"THE PASSING SHOW," including Ella Retford
and Fred Duprez. Variety Artists—Van Hoven, Maidie Scott, Jay Laurier, The Nelson Trio.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH" PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND. CANADA.
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number) £1 11s. 6d. Twelve Months (including Christmas Number) £1 13s. 8d.
Six Months, 15/- (or including Christmas Number), 16s. 4d. Six Months, 16s. 3d. (or with Christmas Number), 17s. 5d.
Three Months, 7/7 (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 10d. Three Months, 8s. 2d. (or with Christmas Number), 9s. 4d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD.
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number) £2. Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.
Six Months, 10s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 1s. 11s. 3d.
Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union
of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the
East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.



The DRYAD Works
during the past year have been making shell baskets, and other war materials and thus were unable to deliver chairs, etc., with their usual promptness. They can now execute all orders as usual, and they are also making INVALID FURNITURE, such as Carrying Chairs, Bed Rests, Self-propelling Chairs, Bed Tables, etc., catalogues of which will be sent free, on application to Odept Dryad Cane Works, St. Nicholas St., Leicester.

Bell's THREE NUNS Tobacco

The first pipe of the day is sweeter if it is filled with "Three Nuns" Tobacco. In the early hours the palate is better able to appreciate the subtle difference that makes this rare blend of choice and fragrant growths famous for its coolness and delicate flavour.

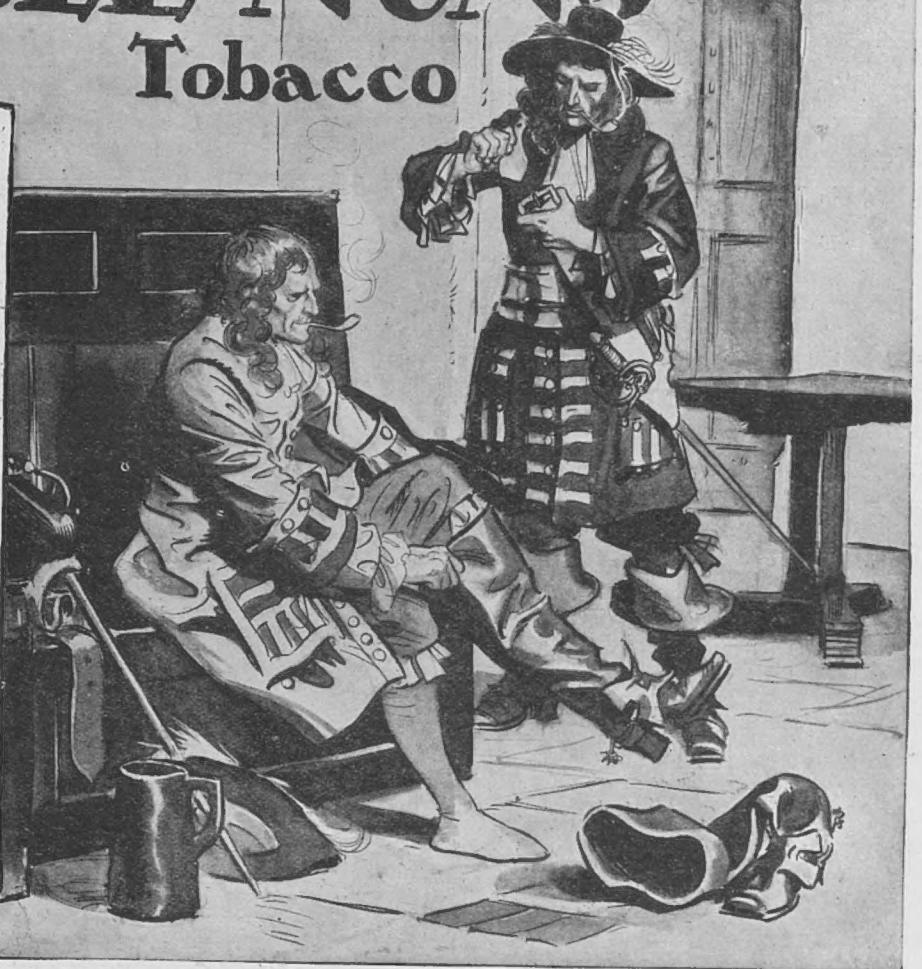
A Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd., Glasgow.

"King's Head" is similar but stronger.

BOTH ARE OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

PER **8^d** OZ.

"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES
Medium. 4d. for 10. No. 448.



Ivelcon has the rich, savoury flavour of prime meadow-fed beef and fresh garden vegetables. No other beef beverage can equal the Ivelcon flavour or the Ivelcon nutriment.

IVELCON

British
Made

British
Made

6 cubes 6d.; 12 cubes 1/-; 50 cubes 3/6 From Grocers and Stores



OMAR KHAYYAM

The finest scent
in a
simple bottle.

A Favourite Fragrance

3/3, 5/9, 12/6, 23/6
per bottle,
in dainty box.

Sold by
all Chemists
and Stores.

Wholesale: H. BRONNLEY & Co., Ltd., London, W.

REMEMBER THE BABIES!

The little ones at this time need all the care we can lavish upon them. Study their health and comfort by using

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE

TOILET POWDER

Relieves Chafing, Redness, Roughness, Soothing and Emollient.

TOILET CREAM

May be safely used on the most delicate and sensitive skin.

TOILET SOAP

Delightfully perfumed. Promotes the healthy action of the skin.

PRICES from 1/- PATRONISED BY ROYALTY.

Prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors.

JOHN TAYLOR, Manufacturing Chemist, 13, BAKER ST., London, W.



*A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge,
most agreeable to take*

CONSTIPATION

Hæmorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite,
Gastric and Intestinal Troubles

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

67, SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD (Corner of Castle Street), LONDON, S.E.

Sold by all Chemists. 2/9 a box

If you want—
as Shakespeare says:—
"good
digestion
to wait on appetite,
and health
on both"



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BEECHAM'S PILLS